The Saturday Review of Literature

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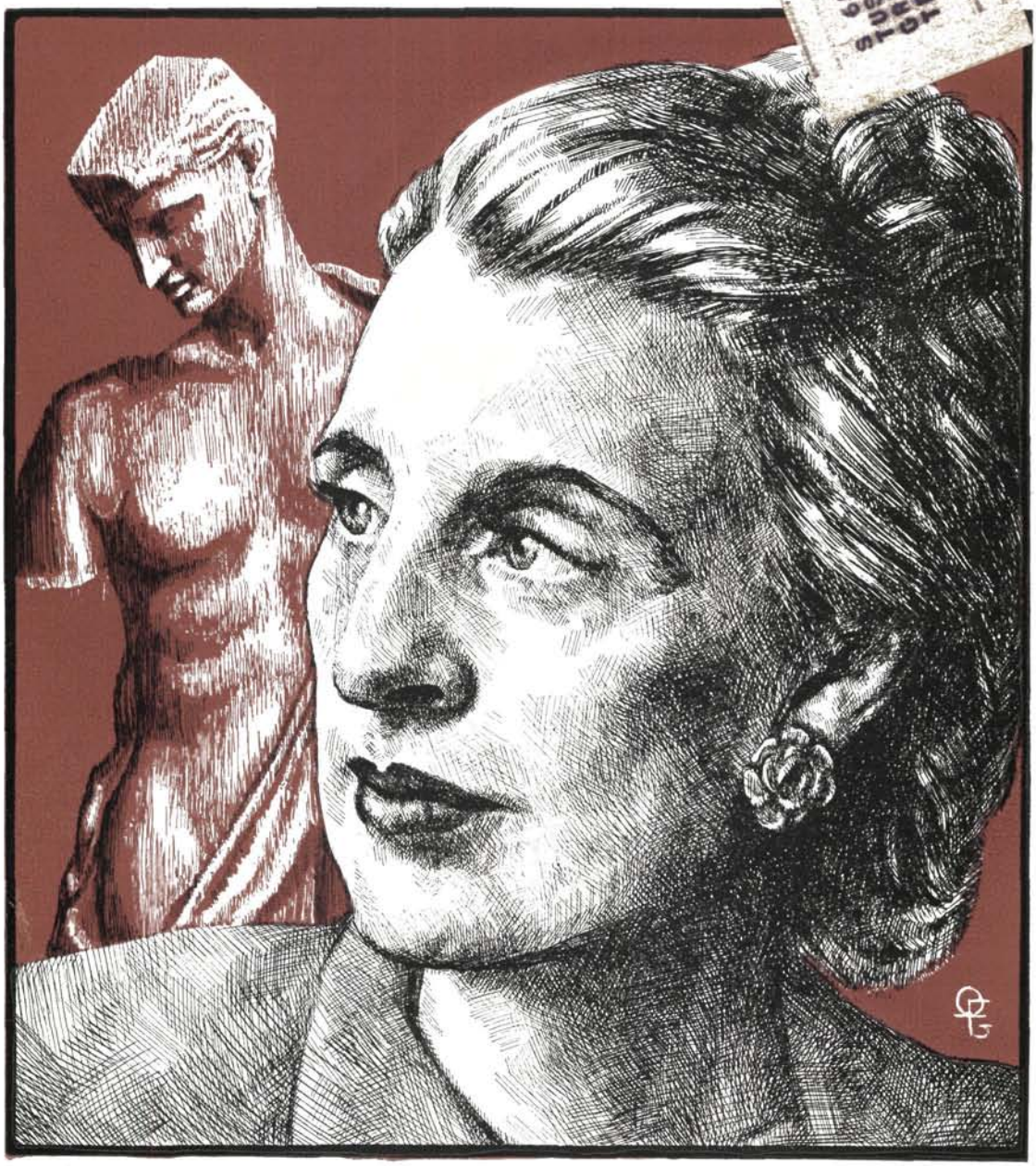

Kay Boyle, author of "Thirty Stories." (See page 11)

Clichés, Extended and Otherwise

By GEORGE ARMS

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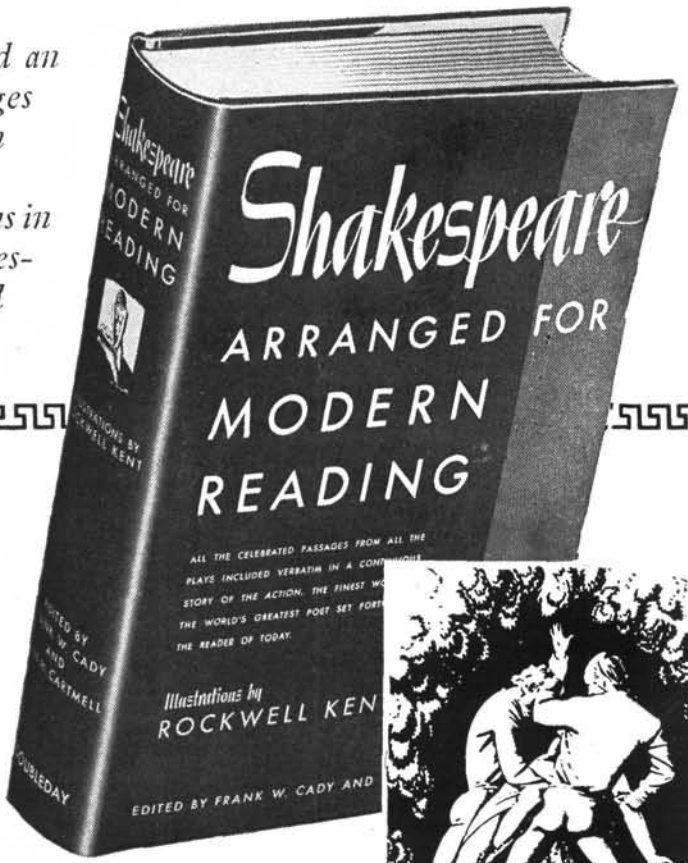

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This Week

November 30, 1946

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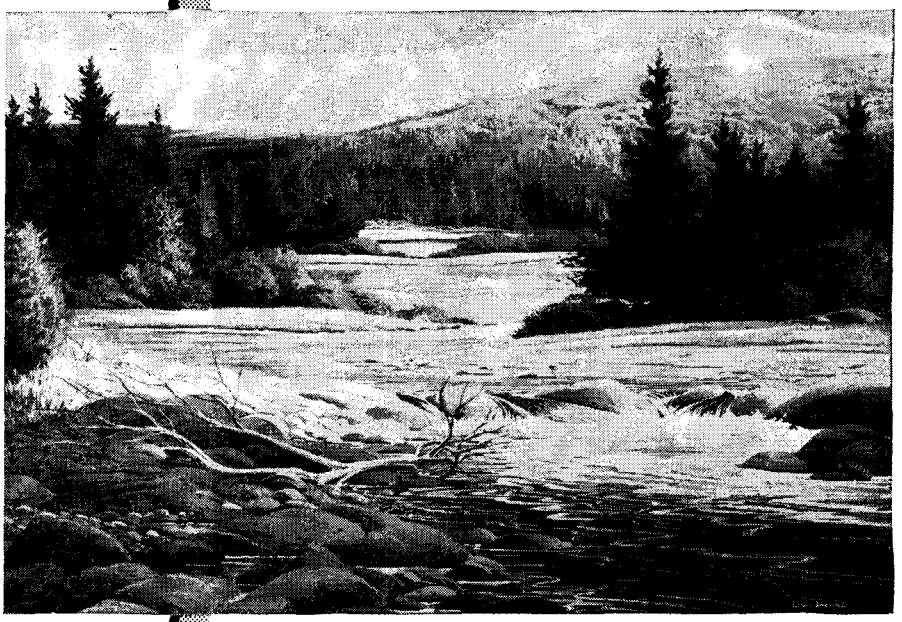
A RIVER NEVER SLEEPS

RODERICK L. HAIG-BROWN



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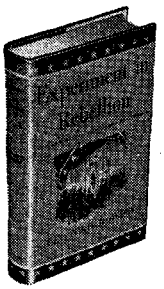
"From where I sit"

Experiment in Rebellion, by CLIFFORD DOWDEY is a book I'd like to take this opportunity to go all out for. It's the story of what went on in Richmond during the Civil War, and in that sense it's a sort of Confederate version of *Reveille in Washington.*

This book is not a novel, but it reads like one. It is possible even to follow the line of decay (as if it were a plot) from the outset of the war when any man in Richmond boasted he could lick ten Yankees to the almost hysterical fall of the city to General Weitsel and the flight of Jeff Davis and his Cabinet. But don't get the idea that this is some sort of military chronicle, because it isn't. It centers on the capital of Richmond, and Richmond becomes the backdrop. The author was aware before he wrote the book that after the wreckage of Europe, a gaudy account of Civil War bloodshed would lose much of its punch. "Though all this will be included," says the author, "it will be played for its effect on the main characters and not for itself or the city."

The author, a native of Richmond, braved trouble down there to keep the title he chose, because he felt it expressed so perfectly exactly what he wrote about. And that is just what we have, an **Experiment in Rebellion,** an interplay of *people* engaged in an experiment which, according to its outcome, would mean life or death to the nation. The experiment is participated in by men who seem to me to step out of the pages and talk and walk, by men who swim to life through the morass of misinformation and the vague treatment afforded most of us in school. To put it clearly, the author has gone right into their minds and their actions with a relentless objectivity that makes the book not simply a factually precise, amply documented job, but a story entirely convincing aside from its historical justification. The domination of Davis, the physical peculiarities of Stephens, the versatility of Benjamin are right in the room with you while you read. And through it all is the remarkable flavor of pink brick.



paul

DOUBLEDAY

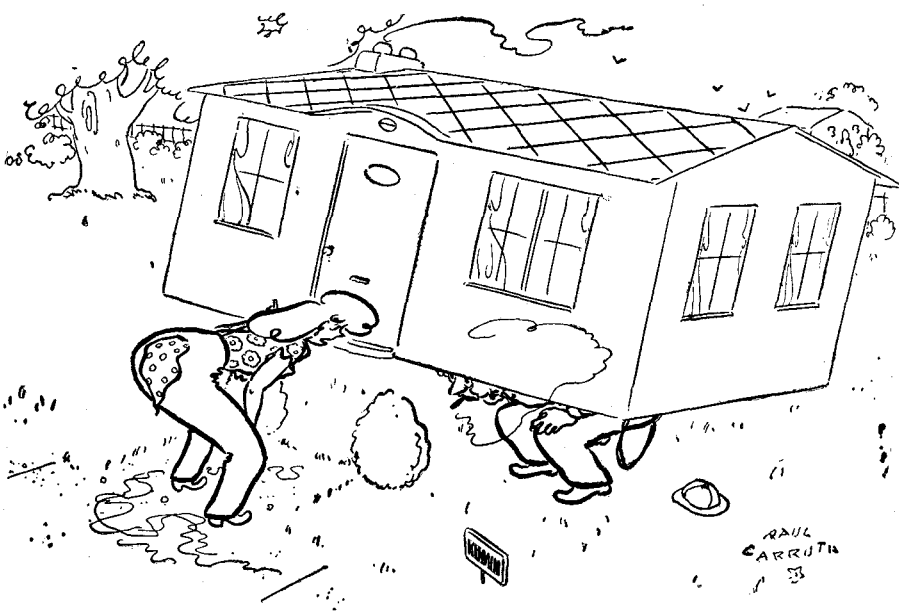
TRADE Winds

ROBUST EARLY HOLIDAY business in the bookshops has confounded the gloomiest of the pessimists, but there are plenty of unmistakable indications that the dew is off the prose. Cartoon albums, for instance, which hit an all-time peak in 1944, and were still going strong last season, are virtually a drug on the market today—a market clearly ruined by imitators who slapped together any old collection of cartoons and comics in sight and slew a good thing when they saw it. Dealers will have to clear their shelves of this shoddy (much of it carried over from last year's inventory) before the really choice items like Arno, Addams, Price, and Rose sell again the way they should.

The seller's market is definitely over, too, in the juvenile field. In the past few holiday seasons, children's books had to be rationed, and any junk, particularly in the dollar or less bracket, sold out on publication date. First indication that this picnic had terminated came a few months ago, when several big chains cut their fall orders on unproven lines almost in half. How many thousand rank imitations of the established series of inexpensive "flats" will be cluttering up the market in January is anybody's guess, but some grasping fingers are bound to be burned badly.

Faltering fiction sales have been hypoed by sure-things like the new Marquand, Jackson, Pearl Buck, and Sholem Asch novels, with Kenneth Roberts's "Lydia Bailey" in the immediate offing. One piece of fiction that is slowly but surely finding the audience it deserves is Tom Heggen's "Mister Roberts." This rollicking and irreverent story of life aboard a Navy supply ship, whose crew recognized only one real enemy—the Captain—afforded me an evening of unalloyed delight. Watch this fellow Heggen. He's terrific. . . .

STRAWS IN THE WIND. . . . Detective stories, traditionally priced at two dollars a copy, will be two-fifty in most cases after January first. Marie Rodell of Duell, Sloan and Pearce has been thumping for the new price for over a year, but more cautious competitors hung back until soaring costs compelled them to follow her lead. . . . Penguin Books in England, originally published at thruppence, are now a shilling and will soon be more. Victor Weybright, of the American branch, bagged the British rights to John Hersey's "Hiroshima," while other English publishers were asleep, by guaranteeing a first printing of 250,000. . . . If enough Southern voters can be persuaded to read "The Shore Dimly Seen," a brave, forthright book by soon-to-be ex-Governor of Georgia Ellis Arnall, they may undertake some long-overdue housecleaning in their own bailiwicks. G.O.P. tidal waves unfortunately do



"I don't like it here, John. Try it under the big oak."

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not sweep sheltered Southern shores, and the efforts of Northern liberals seem to strengthen, rather than weaken, the strangle-hold of disgraceful demagogues like Rankin, Bilbo, and Talmadge. Arnall thinks an aroused South can do the job itself. "There's nothing wrong with us today," he says, "that a good dose of real democracy won't cure." . . .

READERS OF BILL BENÉT'S Phoenix Nest will be interested to know that David Robbins has produced a one-reel, 16 mm. sound film, suitable for classroom use, that provides an intimate study of the photogenic William, and devotes considerable footage to his own rendition of one of his finest poems, "The Whale." . . . *SRL*'s Bill Weber is also in the news. He has resigned as advertising manager of Scribner's to take an important post that will be announced shortly. His replacement will be Charles Scribner, Jr., Princeton '43, son of the president, and great-grandson of the founder of the firm. Scribner's is rounding out its first hundred years; Roger Burlingame's "Of Making Many Books" is a warm and rewarding chronicle of its rise. . . . Another publisher's son who is making good in a big way is Pat Knopf, who has learned to blend his father's sartorial elegance, his mother's nose for a best seller, and his friend Bennett's ability to make ten words do the work of one. . . . Hastings House has launched its series of dollar books, in full color, on purely American subjects, with four titles: "Audubon Birds," "American Wild Flowers," "American Life and Fashion (1650-1900)," and "Love and Courtship in America." A promising project! . . . Sign in a Fourth Avenue bookshop: "A new edition of 'Main Street,' by the author of 'Cass Timberlane'." Time marches on! . . .

DALE WARREN, the Mortimer Adler of Boston, has just polished off a very neat article called "How to Read a Book" for the *Household Magazine.* Reminding his readers that "a book is only one-half of an equation; the other half is the individual who is reading it," Dale gets in a neat plug for the publisher's blurb on the dust jacket ("Take the laudatory adjectives with a grain of salt [Epsom?]," he suggests) and then sheds a tear or two for troubled authors. He quotes Fannie Hurst as saying, "I'm not happy when I'm writing, but I'm more unhappy when I'm not"; Voltaire as confessing, "If I had a son who wanted to write, I should wring his neck—out of sheer paternal affection," and Burton Rascoe lamenting, "What no wife of a writer can ever understand, no mat-

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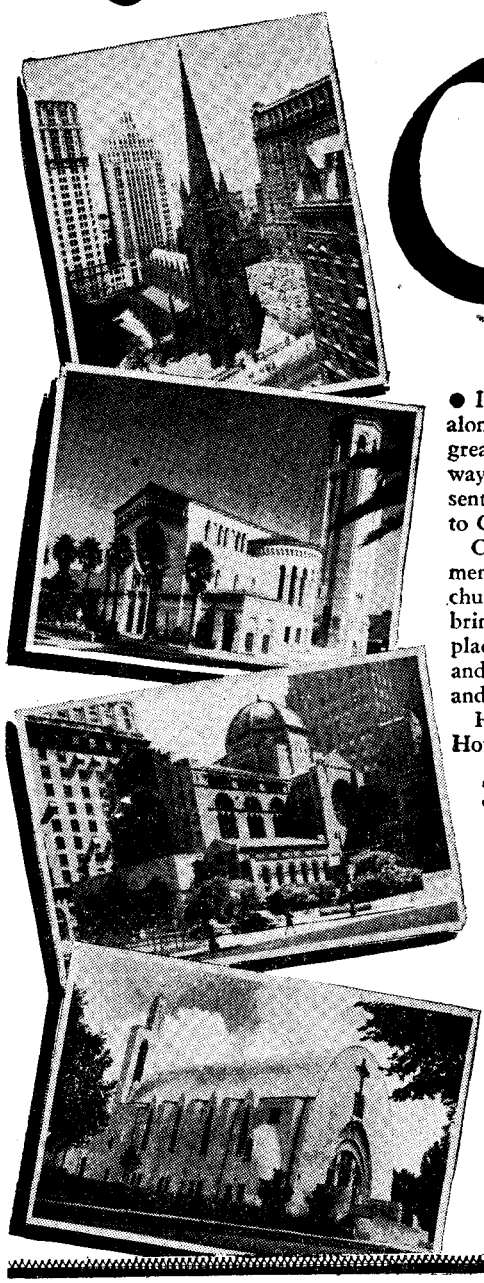

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RECEIVE THE GALE

By Frances G. Wickes

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APPLETON-CENTURY

"Boid, B-I-R-D, boid."

ter if she lives with him for twenty years, is that a writer is working when he's staring out the window."...

HIS NOVEL "THE GREAT BALSAMO" successfully launched, Maurice Zolotow has applied himself to the completion of his widely heralded biography of Billy Rose. Week-ending with the Roses and their high-powered friends, Zolotow was awed at first by their proficiency in tennis, swimming, and small talk, and retired so far into his shell that, by his own admission, he was tabbed by the others an "intellectual creep"—and forgotten. Came Sunday evening, however, and several rounds of potent libations—and suddenly a new Zolotow emerged. He banged out some expert barrelhouse and boogie woogie on the piano. He picked up the ladies one by one and whirled them about the floor in the style that once won him a cup at the Savoy Ballroom. He then confounded his audience with some of the tricks he had mastered while gathering the material for "The Great Balsamo" ("For some reason," he says, "all the tricks worked beautifully for a change"). The climactic hocus-pocus laid them in the aisles. "Are you sure?" said Mrs. Rose to her spouse, "that it shouldn't be *you* writing *Zolotow's* biography?" . . .

COMING ATTRACTIONS: From Harper's: Fannie Hurst's new novel, "The Hands of Veronica," in January; John Dickson Carr's latest chronicle of Gideon Fell, "The Sleeping Sphinx," a few weeks later. Mr. Carr is the author who exceeded all previous achievements on a recent bond tour by making *himself* disappear. . . . The Printing House of Leo Hart, in Rochester, is inaugurating a series to be called "The Printers' Valhalla." Each volume will be devoted to an individual who made a noteworthy contribution to the development of bookmaking during the five hundred years of typography. The subjects of the first four volumes will be Daniel Updike, Isaiah Thomas, Gregory Dexter, and Peter Schoeffer. The last was an associate of Gutenberg. When and if Mr. Hart gets around to his townsman Elmer Adler, I hope he'll persuade Rockwell Kent to fill in the lurid details. . . . Viking's big bet for spring will be a new John Steinbeck novel, "The Wayward Bus," (a BOMC choice). . . . Vanguard will headline a first novel by Calder Willingham called "The Academy." The background is a military college. . . . Budd Schulberg's first book since "What Makes Sammy Run?" will be the story of a world's champion heavyweight. Saxe Commins says "It's a knockout!" . . . A. A. Wyn will publish Earl Browder's new book, "Toward Peace." Mr. Browder means peace with Russia, not the *New Masses*. . . .

AARON SUSSMAN, who has created more than one best seller by his inspired advertising campaigns, is a rabid amateur photographer, not exactly averse to displaying specimens of his handiwork to all and sundry.

He and his wife returned from a late-autumn vacation to find four of his best friends waiting at his house as he drove up. "Golly, it's nice of you to come over so soon," said Sussman. "You must have missed me." "It isn't that," one of the friends explained cheerfully. "We've learned that it's best to visit you before you've had a chance to develop your photographs." BENNETT CERF.

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So you think you want to live in a SMALL TOWN?

So you want to go to the country to escape the atom bomb?
Better read Granville Hicks' SMALL TOWN first!

So you want a home midst flowers, trees, birds and bees?
Better read Granville Hicks' SMALL TOWN first!

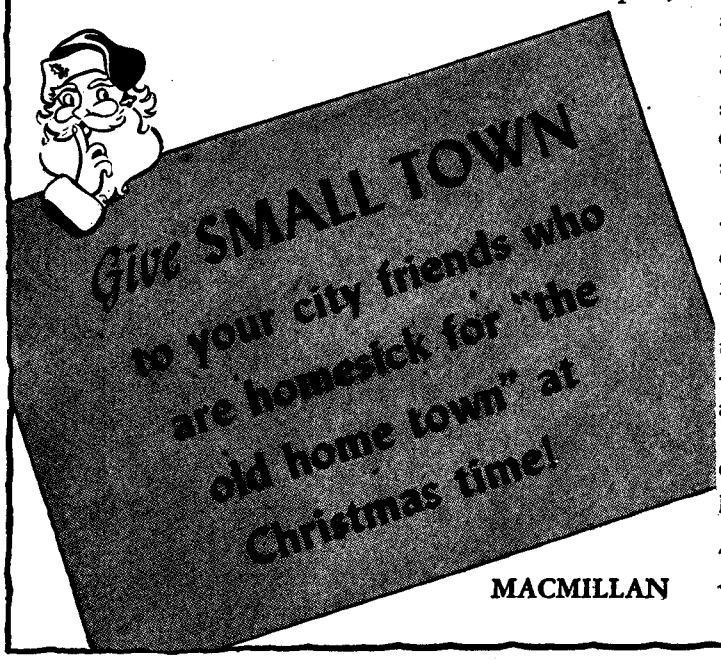
So you want to take part in the life of a small community?
Better read Granville Hicks' SMALL TOWN first!

So you want to be a member of the village fire department?
Better read Granville Hicks' SMALL TOWN first!

So you want to live in the country—away from the dirt and crowds of the cities? Out where the scenery is beautiful, and you call the butcher by his first name? It's a wonderful idea, but you'd better read Granville Hicks' SMALL TOWN first! This stringently honest account of what happened to an intellectual who moved to the country probably will cause considerable controversy, but no one will deny the author's candor. As he says in the preface: "A book of this kind is valueless unless it is honest. I have not wanted to hurt anyone's feelings, and if feelings are hurt, I'm sorry, but that was the chance I had to take."

After living several years among them, Mr. Hicks discovered that his small town neighbors were *people,* with a way of life that is not even faintly understood by city folk. He believes that when city intellectuals speak of "the people"—whether they consider them boobs or piously refer to them as the common man—they simply do not know what they're talking about. In a small town you work and play with "the people"; you talk to them in the streets and stores, you sit next to them in PTA meetings and at church.

With a mind trained to observe and interpret, Mr. Hicks learned a great deal more—good and bad—about people who live in small towns than any visiting sociologist could have discovered. In *Small Town* he describes what these people talk and think about, their opinions and morals, their religion, education, economic patterns, and political life, their virtues and faults.



City people who long for a life in "the country" will be well advised to read this first-hand account of life in a small town before they buy their tickets from Times Square to Main Street.

People who now live, or have lived, in small towns will enjoy comparing Mr. Hicks' experiences—bitter and sweet, pleasant and unpleasant, exciting and monotonous—with their own.

Intellectuals will be interested in *Small Town* because it is in many ways a concise account of the position of all intellectuals in America.

Non-intellectuals will be interested in *Small Town* because it tells how intellectuals "get that way."

MACMILLAN

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"You name gone abraaaaad, Mongoose"

"THE confusion and bewilderment of New York City were sliding rapidly downhill and right off Kingston Bay into the ocean."

Those were Katherine Dunham's words for what happened to her when she took off for a busman's holiday in Accompong. Learning of her trip to a remote hill village in the West Indies, a dance fan might have assumed she went to rest after a busy winter touring the country with her dance group. Actually she was on her way to study the day and night life of the Maroons in the small village of Accompong, in the northeastern part of Jamaica. No other outsider had attempted more than an overnight stay.

Miss Dunham would never have handed herself this arduous assignment if she were not the excitingly dual personality that she is—half careful student, half passionate dancer. Her journey to Accompong was made possible by a Rosenwald Fellowship "for the purpose of studying anthropology and the primitive dance in the West Indies." Special training in field techniques at Northwestern University had prepared her.

For twenty-seven of her thirty days in Accompong, Katherine Dunham waited and hoped for the forbidden Koromantee dance. When it came she was a part of it. The Maroons had accepted her as one of them. Meanwhile she had been setting down in her notebooks lively and loving and accurate details of each Maroon day as she lived it.

Established in living quarters for which she was to pay rent of one dollar and a quarter for thirty days' tenancy, she wrote: "True to old Ashanti custom, lone palm trees were pointed out to me as owned by one man but in another man's field. The owner may be far away, but the proceeds of his tree go to him or his family. Ownership of this single tree passes from father to son, and a Maroon would sooner touch a man's wife than the green fruit that grows on his palm tree."

On the evening of her fifth day she attended a dance. As the night grew and after "brief pauses for rum and to 'katch a bref' . . . the gentlemen no longer saluted the ladies with sweeping bows, but with a leap to the center of the square, a clicking of the heels high in the air, entresixes, backbends, and elaborate turns. The women's skirts began to climb, their eyes shone, their step was high and light, and the flashing of bare calves brought many a change of partner." Once she sat out a storm with only lizards and three mouse-bats for company. Once she chided a village patriarch for his failure to appear in church. He said, "Me cyarry me god inside me." On the trail of crime in Accompong, she discovered that "there had never been a murder, nor can a really serious fight or attack be recalled. Rape, as such, is unknown . . . To be shamed in public is the Maroon notion of ultimate disgrace and punishment."

She heard the abeng carry "talking messages" over the hills. She watched tunnel graves dug, like those of the Dutch Guiana Bush Negroes, and knew the reason for them (the diggers had never known):—"by digging a tunnel, egress of the body from the grave is made practically impossible. Then the spirit is thwarted and a playful one can't bring back the flesh with him if he chooses to return amongst the living."

She learned that for a Maroon child "to have one's parents scold one before others is far more effective than the most severe corporal punishment . . . Sometimes a parent is forced to put a child to bed without its supper."

On Miss Dunham's last Maroon night, a traditional song, "You name gone abraaaaad, Mongoose!," was sung as overture to a midnight graveyard meeting with a "duppy" who was to guard her homeward. Affectionately her Accompong friends sang the song a second time, substituting her name:—

"You name gone abraaaaad, Katherine Dunham!"

KATHERINE DUNHAM'S

Journey to Accompong

Illustrated by
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$2.50

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Clichés, Extended and Otherwise

GEORGE ARMS

AT the drop of a brass hat"—Fred B. Millett.

"To gild the lily with radiator paint"—Earnest Hooton.

"Brevity is the soul of lingerie"—Dorothy Parker.

Such reworkings of clichés are commonly met with in what we read today. They come from writers in as diverse professions as the three quoted here—a literary scholar, an anthropologist, and an author of light verse. "Echo phrase" is a term for their turns of speech as neatly descriptive and as standard as any. The clichés that they echo are any familiar combination of words, whether a literary quotation, proverb, or hackneyed phrase.

The increasing frequency of echo phrases shows a concern with clichés that has become a modern trend. Of course, you can go as far back as the Wellerisms in the "Pickwick Papers" ("Business first, pleasure arterward, as King Richard the Third said ven he stabbed the t'other king in the Tower, afore he smothered the babbies"), or even farther. But a conscious and almost systematic attention to clichés perhaps arose first with James Joyce and his generation. Today S. J. Perelman is one of the more celebrated practitioners. You can also find less polished disciples in Samuel Goldwyn ("They are always biting the hand that lays the golden egg") or the late James B. McSheehy ("Let us take the bull by the tail and look the matter squarely in the face"). Ed Wynn's pole eleven feet long, to use on people that he wouldn't touch with a ten-foot pole, brings additional merriment to the hackneyed spirits of our times.

My own concern is not in the general significance of the trend, but with a highly specialized instance of the echo phrase that no one has previously noted. I call it the "extended cliché," by which I mean the continuation of a familiar phrase with a conscious regard for the further exploration of its meaning. It is rarer than other types of echo phrases, but has more quality.

Before we get to the extended cliché, these other types need defining. This will both help achieve a better understanding of the most distinguished type and serve as an end in itself. Since stylists have done little with the subject (a page by Porter G. Perrin provides the most extensive discussion), I have had to coin my own terms. Besides extending a cliché, a writer can anticipate, interpolate, garble, or reverse it.

Anticipated clichés are the opposite of extended clichés in that they explore the meaning before using the familiar formula. Ambrose Bierce furnishes an example: "Here's to woman—ah, that we could fall into her arms without falling into her hands." More usually the form embodies simple qualification or negation. In this fashion, John Buchan defined an atheist as "a man who has no invisible means of support."

Interpolated cliché, a frequent type, explores the meaning within the formula by inserting another word. When Otis Ferguson hit off Alexander Woollcott as being "of the first dishwater," he interpolated. Clifton Fadiman shows still greater skill by interpolating a familiar line from "The Tempest" with a phrase equally familiar: "It is of such stuff and nonsense that dreams are made on." Clare Boothe's remark about "politicians talking themselves red, white, and blue in the face" contains a three-way echo.

Garbled clichés, which alter the formula to achieve the effect, also occur frequently. Selling his biological birthright for a mess of morons" is Earnest Hooton's contribution to the genre. Often this type utilizes punning, as in the familiar phrase of unidentified origin: "Absinthe makes the heart grow fonder."

Reversed cliché, an exploration of meaning by transposing existing terms, has the distinction of belonging largely to the nineteenth century. Though it is comparatively rare, I shall give quite a few examples, for it has some well-known literary patrons. Let us begin with Henry James's "You can't make a sow's ear out of a silk purse." James was also the subject of this form of persiflage when Mrs. Henry Adams wrote after finishing "A Portrait of a Lady" that "poor Henry James always chews more than he bites off." And James's friend W. D. Howells did a whole article on "Reversible Proverbs." "Spoil the rod and spare the child" was one of his favorites.

Outside of this literary circle, we find others doing the same thing. Both Bob Ingersoll and Samuel Butler are credited with "An honest God is the noblest work of man." In 1943 Winston Churchill's reference to the then-current stage of the war as "the end of the beginning" may have been his own creation, though he could have taken it from "A Midsummer Night's Dream." In the same year a British columnist fobbed off a reversed cliché (or, more properly, an inverted Wellerism) on Keats. When

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Homo Loquens

By David Morton

THERE was the way the bough bent low,
As though with fruit, but no fruit there,
And a bird, his head cocked sideways —so,
And the rounded, blue, auricular air;

There was the garden's choral voice,
The many-tongued, now fallen still
Under the mazed, compulsive choice
Of listening, as the only will . . .

And what it was they listened for,
And listened to, and leaned to hear,
Was a new sound upon this star,
Was Adam speaking—to his dear.

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an old lady brought him a sick cat, he is said to have remarked, after removing the bladder, "A case of letting the bag out of the cat."

Delightful as the reversed cliché is, by nature its manufacture is both mechanical and limited. You can dig through the old proverbs—making a stitch in nine save time or a small ship sink a great leak—and you probably won't be rewarded. Again, you may hit paydirt, as does Dorothy Baker Hay: "With her it's no sooner done than said." But the extended cliché is unlimited in possibilities and conveys a climactic shock that makes it the most successful of the five types of echo phrase. Because it shocks on a severely functional level and within the material of the image, it partakes of the nature of poetic conceit. Even more than the poetic conceit, however, it has a marked tendency to become too studied. It may even amount to little more than the comedian's wisecrack, as this by George Ryan: "She has not only the seal of his approval, but the mink also."

In his use of grammatical coordination, Ryan employs a common means of extension. A contrasting conjunction in particular makes the extended cliché a little too jointed for complete enjoyment, as another example suggests. "Not of God's plenty," wrote Hazelton Spencer of Shakespearian cinema, "but of Hollywood's." Coordination with "and" seems superior as a general thing, as in W. C. DeVane's remark on a compiler of anthologies: "Mr. Untermeyer has been a faithful laborer in this vineyard for many years, and he knows his grapes." But by all odds the best grammatical pattern is the organic, of which C. K. Ogden furnishes an illustration: "The sound scholars who believe that our language is going to the dogs will hear them barking in every line of Mr. Mencken's excellent essay on Americanisms." Lacking as it does an obvious link, this organic construction has the highest shock value. It is particularly effective when the writer modifies or reverses the meaning, since the smoothness of a transition without "and" or "but" yields a full impact upon reversal.

THE grammatical means of extension are, however, less significant than the fashion in which the writer manipulates the image (since the cliché usually involves a metaphor, all the examples contain a more or less distinct visualization). Manipulation is what gives extension its superior quality; and although the emotional effects of the various extensions might be profitably differentiated, a division according to the scheme about to be proposed allows for greater precision. Five possibilities present themselves. The image may be sharpened, retained, blurred, changed, or commented upon. I hasten to say that while using this classification for arranging the material, I do so not to provide a set pattern but to clarify what we may expect of the extended cliché.

"I'll take the hindmost."

Sharpening the image. Slogan for grease collection: "Out of the Frying Pan into the Firing Line." This phrase serves to illustrate sharpening by converting a hackneyed image into a literal truth. The extension within the word ("-ing Line") heightens the effect.

Frederick Lewis Allen: "As the summer of 1934 drew to its close the country supped on horror: the Ward Liner *Morro Castle* was burned, with a loss of 137 lives." Allen's sentence markedly sharpens an image ("drew to its close") so trite that it was close to an abstraction. He achieves sharpening by a second cliché ("supped on horror").

T. S. Eliot: "I have measured out my life with coffee spoons." The original image in the cliché is a little more concrete than Allen's. F. O. Matthiessen regards the line as typical of Eliot's poetic wit: "'I have measured out my life'—the general, platitudinous reflection is suddenly punctuated with an electric shock which flashes into the mind of the reader, in a single, concrete, ironic picture, Prufrock's whole futile way of life."

Andy Hardy movie: Crony (about to go on a blind date): "What's cooking?" Andy: "Chickens. Want a piece of neck?" The extension through three stages of slang clichés is clever if not particularly tasteful.

William Hazlitt on Montaigne: "He sowed the seed and cleared away the rubbish, even where others have reaped the fruit or cultivated and decorated the soil to a greater degree of nicety and perfection." Real sharpness is never achieved in spite of the laborious effort, a typical endeavor of nineteenth-century writers.

Retaining the image. Extension can also be made by continuing the image with about the same visualization as it originally had. This type of manipulation differs from sharpening in degree rather than in kind. Usually sharpening is more effective, although the quotation already made from DeVane (about the laborer in the vineyard knowing his grapes) has piquancy. So do some others which I would classify in this group.

Edward Mather: "His life is an open book and he likes to read out of it." A tendency toward sharpening in this example must be acknowledged.

Unidentified: "He's in love with himself and doesn't have a rival." The phrase compares with Mather's in manipulation and emotional effect.

Song: "Absence makes the heart grow fonder for somebody else." Compare the "absinthe" variation on the cliché, given previously.

Louis R. Reid: "The double feature, which, designed as a feast of cinema riches, is all too regularly a famine of entertainment." The word "cinema," which makes the sentence combine interpolation and extension, destroys the balance.

Edna St. Vincent Millay:

My candle burns at both ends,
It will not last the night;
But ah, my foes, and oh, my friends,
It gives a lovely light.

The quatrain is more satisfactory as extended cliché than as poetry. A biographer of Millay calls this and

(*Continued on page* 45)

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The Mature Craft of Kay Boyle

THIRTY STORIES. By Kay Boyle. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1946. 362 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by STRUTHERS BURT

MISS BOYLE is a storyteller, a superb one; by and large, the best in this country, and one of the best now living. This somewhat belated point of view concerning her work emerges clearly, it seems to me, in this present volume of her collected tales, especially as they have been arranged chronologically and according to background; according, that is, to the country in which they are laid. Here is the grouping.

Early Group: 1927-1934. Austrian Group: 1933-1938. English Group: 1935-1936. French Group: 1939-1942. And then finally, three stories, all recent and well known, "The Canals of Mars," "The Loneliest Man in the U. S. Army," "Winter Night," American Group: 1942-1946. These last were written after Miss Boyle's return to this country in 1941 from nineteen years of residence in Europe, principally in the three countries which engage her attention: France, England, and Austria. The background of the Early Group is mostly American, too, but that of an America not yet at war. Of the nine stories in this group, all but three, "Wedding Day," "Rest Cure," and "Keep Your Pity," have an American background. One, "Kroy Wen," which happens to be "New York" spelled backwards, as you often see names on a life-preserver, looked at from certain angles, takes place on a ship, to be sure, but it is an American ship bound for Italy, and the leading character is an American motion-picture director, with all the, by now, well-established rules as to what those abused characters must be. (Motion-picture directors as a whole are extremely sensitive, intelligent men, a beneficent leaven in Hollywood. It is not from them that the fantastic place derives its fantastic traditions.)

These early stories are mostly interesting as a study in the emergence of an artist; an artist with a beautiful command of language, a unique gift for striking metaphor, granted as a rule only to poets, and a passionate, impelling drive. An artist, original, rebellious, and bitterly observant. No wonder Miss Boyle was a sensation; at first, acclaimed only by the cognoscenti, later on received, but with reservations, by the general reading public. On the whole, these stories are not completely successful. That was the way they struck me when I first read them many years ago; and that is the way all but one, "Friend of the Family," strikes me now. "Friend of the Family" is a beautiful story, delicate, straight-moving, and filled with implications, and is Miss Boyle at her best and in full control of her equipment. But the remainder of this group seem to me all implication, vague and confused, and not at all clear in the mind of the author.

There is no going deep down below the multitudinous impressions; swift, following upon each other, tumultuous like winds in a storm. But below any winds is the earth and people walking about on it. "Keep Your Pity," for instance, is a splendidly told story, as are all Miss Boyle's stories, early or late, and the characters, on the surface, are as sharp as etchings, but

they haven't the distance or depth that etchings should have. It seems to me that Miss Boyle has misplaced both her philosophy and psychology, and has substituted contempt and loathing for the pity the title implies.

It is when she goes to Europe, or, rather, when she begins to write with a European background, that she comes into her own. Like Henry James, like many American writers, something seems to have been released by the European scene, and European character, and the contrast between the latter and the American in Europe. These stories have a sure touch; the touch of a master craftsman. A sure direction. They go places, whether you do or do not always agree with them; whether or not you find, at times, the faults, the reverse side, of Miss Boyle's virtues, too much metaphor; at moments, too much calorescence, too much heat. She has an eerie gift of bringing completely to life the European background; Austrian, English, French, and of bringing to life the people who live there. When she ascends mountains, she is superb. She has an affinity for snow, storm, glaciers, and high places, very moving to those who feel as she does. But once again, the more of a story she has to tell, the better she is, so much so that one of the best stories in the book is "Let There Be Honor," which appeared in that painstakingly non-esoteric magazine *The Saturday Evening Post.*

There has been a lot of nonsense talked about this, of course, ever since writers, to their loss in some ways, ceased having patrons and were cast upon the world to fend for themselves. All great writers have written to be published, to be read, and to make as much money by so doing as compatible with honesty and integrity. What I have said will no doubt offend some of Miss Boyle's numerous admirers, especially the early ones. I trust Miss Boyle will understand the compliment intended. It was George Moore, wasn't it, who said that story-telling was "the pure gold of literature"? Surely it is rare gold, like the gold of melody in music or poetry, and certainly it is historic, stemming down from the Sagas and from Homer; the oldest gold there is. I imagine Miss Boyle will agree. In a foreword she has written:

> In the past twenty years I have written a number of short stories—at least three times as many as are included in this book. Some were written for love, and some for money; some out of anger, out of compassion and grief, some out of despair. But whatever the impulse behind the writing of them, one factor remained constant: I wanted to write these stories. Some of them have appealed to a small public, some to a wider public, but this was not the standard of judgment brought to them for this present volume. I chose these thirty stories not because they speak out for any particular people, or any particular thesis, but because, on rereading, they held my interest—and I believe this to be one of the primary obligations of a short story. An equally important responsibility of the short story is that it attempt to speak with honesty of the conditions and conflicts of its time; that it attempt to reflect with honesty the state of the author's mind and his emotions at that time. . . .

This is good criticism; lucid, intelligent, mature.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 661)

WILLIAM HENRY DAVIES:
COMFORT

From my own kind I only learn
  How foolish comfort is;
To gather things that happy minds
  Should neither crave nor miss.

. . . . . .

That little bird is well content
  When he no more can sing
To close his eyes and tuck his head
  Beneath his own soft wing.

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Chronicle of Romantic Optimism

FERDINAND AND ISABELLA. By Hermann Kesten. New York: A. A. Wyn, Inc. 1946. 373 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by LEO LERMAN

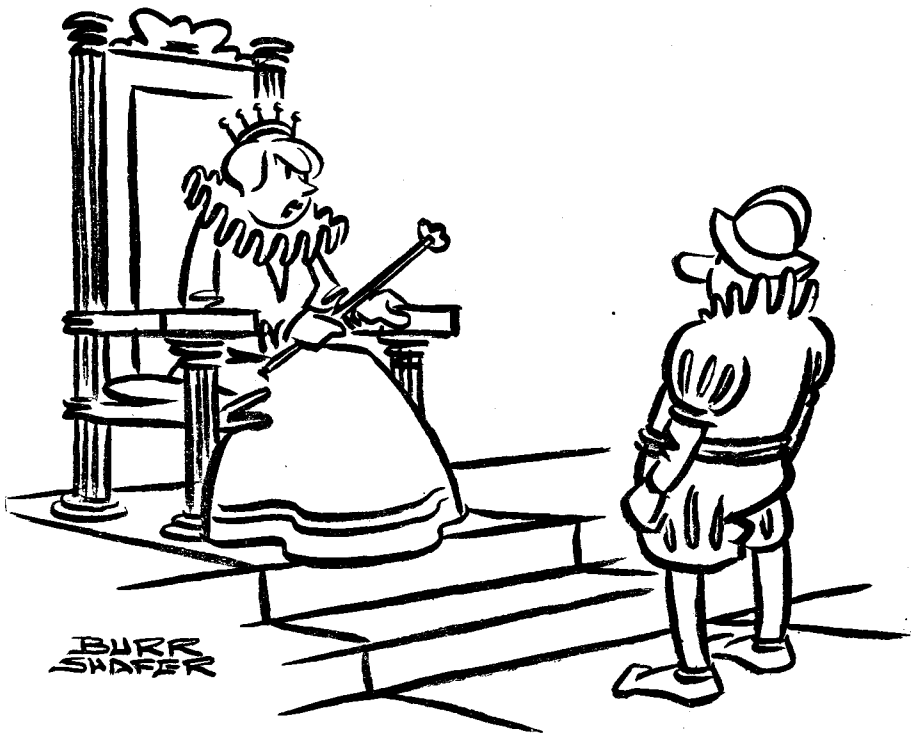
IT is the nature of the historical novel to be romantic because it is the habit of people to regard history, the past, as romantic. The most sordid evolutions of history are romantic to man's wilfully romantic eye. There are even people who suspect current events of romance—such is the indomitable optimism of man. In "Ferdinand and Isabella," Hermann Kesten, German novelist, playwright, biographer, traveller by choice and refugee by the Nazis' decision, has written a record of man's tyranny over man and consequently a chronicle of man's romantic optimism. After reading this saga of mass murder in the name of state and religion, and comparing it inevitably with the more recent manifestations and even bloodier consequences of man's desire to improve his fellowman, it is instantly apparent that people are habitual optimists, incorrigible romantics. Without this fundamental and excessively romantic faith in tomorow—so variously immortalized through the ages as art, religion, curiosity—there would be no man today. That "Ferdinand and Isabella" is more fictionalized history than fiction detracts from its stature as fiction, not from its impact as popular history, as documentary evidence of man's will to survive.

When Charles Dickens was asked how he came to write "Pickwick Papers," he answered, "I thought of Mr. Pickwick." What emerged is a delightful novel of character. "Ferdinand and Isabella" apparently has no such fictional inspiration, although everything which transpires in it is a result of Isabella's character and its evolution. "Ferdinand and Isabella" says for Hermann Kesten that he thought of the monstrous wrongs which man has committed against man, that he thought of the wrongs man was committing against man—he wrote this book around 1936—it was called "Spanish Fire" then. It is no coincidence that Kesten chose this particular epoch nor this especial locale and these characters. "I am a Jew," he once wrote in a brief autobiography. To almost all Jews what happened in Spain under Columbus's Isabella is a bitter racial memory—only surpassed by what happened in Europe under Hitler. So, for Kesten, anxious to show the world that what was happening to the Jews of Germany would happen eventually to everyone if the world permitted this monstrous action to go on, it was only natural to write a book about Isabella and her tyranny in Spain. Being an historian and a thinking man, he knew that tyrants do not stop when they have annihilated one man or one hundred million—they go on murdering because murder has become their vocation and the security of their vocation. It was also only natural for Kesten, since he wanted as many people as possible to read his historical writing on the wall, to present that writing as fiction.

The tyranny of man over man is as legitimate a motivation for fiction as seeing Mr. Pickwick. The novel is a flexible literary form: almost any subject is fictional In a very basic sense all great novels are concerned with the tyranny of man over man. That is essentially what life consists of—the tyranny of man over man and the tyranny of man over himself. But there is one thing a novel must not be, and that is "a record of facts objectively observed, like a scientific textbook . . ." His stories no matter how garnished with invented dialogue and situations are not novels until they have been utterly digested by the would-be novelist and subjectively created. Unfortunately, too much of "Ferdinand and Isabella" remains undigested history: the very virtue which makes it interesting—its deliberate attention to accurate historical detail—is its chief weakness as a work of fiction. Isabella emerges as a monster and we see a fascinating picture of her times, but this is not the result of Mr. Kesten's fictional ability. The briefest, most unadorned recital of Isabella's laws, all enacted in the name of religion and state, makes her monstrous in our eyes. History text books present her times. The iconography of these times in Prescott's "Ferdinand and Isabella" and in Kesten's is very similar, for both Prescott and Kesten have grounded their works on historical documentation, but to the reader with time and a taste for straight history Prescott is surely more acceptable. The facts are there in his history of "Ferdinand and Isabella"; they are as unadulterated as possible. No history is entirely objective. All writing or telling is prejudiced. To be unprejudiced is to be inhuman.

Prescott's Spain under Isabella is as monstrous a realm as Kesten's if the reader looks at it with human eyes. But we must never forget that Isabella was the perfect product of her particular environment and epoch. Most of her contemporaries thought of her as a great queen, a good woman. Her mass murders of Jews and Moors—of infidels and heretics—assured her a supreme place in heaven. She was a patriot, a saint, a woman of staunch character. There are still people today, reading Prescott or Kesten, who would gladly raise her from the dead. The dictator mind never dies. It is not even dormant. To a great many people, Hitler was the Messiah.

"Ferdinand and Isabella" could have



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Just stay long enough to discover Florida . . . then come right back."

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been a better novel had Hermann Kesten occupied himself less with historical events than with the dark places of Isabella's heart and soul. Worldly success, pogroms are the exoteric manifestations of frustration, of the desire to belong. It is the exploration and creative interpretation of man's inner world which lifts the facts and incidents of history into the realm of literature or religion. Sometimes Hermann Kesten does give his readers a glimpse into Isabella's inner world—then his book springs magically alive. For these places, for the prodigious research with which he furnished this book, for the spirit which prompted him to write it and which illuminates it, for the story of factual horror (a story which can never be told too frequently), for the oblique message it brings, for its implied criticism of life and man's behavior, "Ferdinand and Isabella" deserves to be read. Hermann Kesten is an historian with a strong sense of the past's contemporaneity. He has also been a novelist with something definite to say fictionally. Perhaps he will be such a novelist again.

—*Deigh-Navin.*

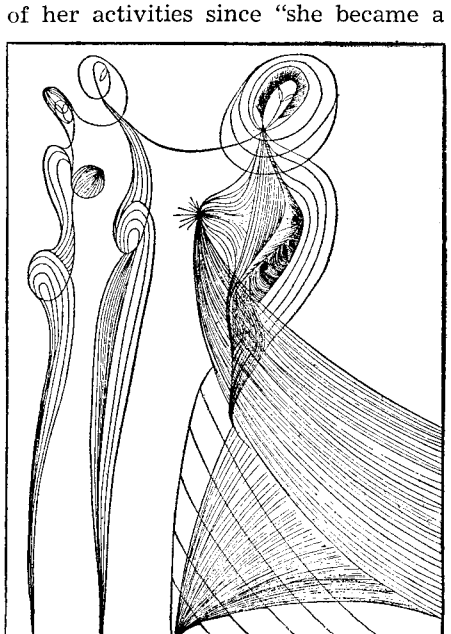
Anias Nin's "Ladders to Fire" "seems no more surrealist, imagist, or 'modern' than any woman in a permanent tantrum."

Ladies in Turmoil

LADDERS TO FIRE. By Anais Nin. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc. 1946. 213 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by HARRISON SMITH

So many presumably important critics have praised Anais Nin's previous books, especially "Winter of Artifice," that it is something of an adventure to come upon "Ladders to Fire" without previous acquaintance with her work. Who is this handsome young lady strikingly photographed in a dinner jacket and black tie at one time and in pseudo East Indian attire another, described by Edmund Wilson as "half woman, half childlike spirit," whom Rebecca West credited with "real and unmistakable genius" and of whom Kay Boyle wrote, "It is good to know that there is Anais Nin." Shortly before "Ladders to Fire" was published an explanatory pamphlet landed lightly on editorial desks. It exhibited Miss Nin and her clothes on the cover, gave a seven-page account of her activities since "she became a writer at the age of eleven," when she began a diary that now includes more than sixty volumes. Later, she became a dancer of Spanish dances but gave them up because they were too strenuous for her health. She practised psychoanalysis for a year and gave that up because it was "also too strenuous for her." But writing was not too strenuous for Miss Nin, and soon Henry Miller, who was busy writing "Tropic of Cancer," or was it "Tropic of Capricorn," in France, was to say of her, "She writes in the dark and unfalteringly." This brief essay into the life and works of Anais Nin is too brief for thorough understanding, and its subject adds an essay, "Realism and Reality," which serves, as she says, to clarify misunderstandings that have blocked the response to her work, and which ends with this sentence, "The medium of the writer is not ink and paper but his body: the sensitivity of his eyes, ears, and heart. If these are atrophied, let him give up writing."



—*From the book.*

Miss Nin does not need to worry. As long as she can pour out the kind of prose exhibited in "Ladders to Fire," with sixty or seventy volumes of diary to fall back on, she is in more danger of liquefying or bursting into flame than she is of turning into stone. For "Ladders to Fire" is a truly remarkable book. It portrays half a dozen women in the throes of passion, convulsed by pity, and all the other emotions that can beset a high-spirited female whose male companions are so pale and shrinking that she has to turn to her own sex for robust companionship. Her descriptions of Lillian, Djuna, Laura, Stella, and the others are almost terrifying; what they dream, when they have the time to dream, would make a psychoanalyst's holiday. Lillian, for example, who was always in a state of fermentation and whose eyes rent the air and left phosphorescent streaks, whose large teeth were lustful, "gave birth to the dream of a ghost lover, a pale, passive, romantic, anaemic figure garbed in grey and timidity." Later, she thinks she is strangling in her roots. Stella, a motion-picture actress, wonders if she is not a masochist, but betrays a curious sensitivity at moments. "If someone made love to her while she carried the weight of the wax on her eyelashes, if someone made love to her artificially exaggerated eyelashes, she was offended, as if by a betrayal." Jay, who could not endure repetition or regular hours or work, has a love affair with Lillian. In a taxicab one cold day he snuggles against her fur coat and there follows a remarkable rhapsody, conceived on the idea that she has become a kangaroo for the moment, sheltering him in a fur-lined pocket, and bounding off with him, "his tent, his sky, his blanket."

A few critics have been misled by the line drawings which obfuscate the book into stating that Miss Nin is of the advanced guard of writers, the holy few who can only appeal endlessly to a limited and long-haired audience. Actually, after serious critical appraisal, this novel seems no more surrealist, imagist, or "modern," than any woman in a permanent tantrum, from the Middle Ages, or from the Renaissance, or any other period; any woman in fact who had grown up and had lived too long in the art colonies of the world, and had too little to do with children, cooking, and the garden in the backyard. As for its ancestry, "Ladders to Fire" might be considered as the illegitimate child of Marie Corelli's "Sorrows of Satan" and Edmund Wilson's "Memoirs of Hecate County."

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Report on a Reservoir of Bile

SOUTHERN EXPOSURE. By Stetson Kennedy. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1946. 364 pp. $3.

Reviewed by HARNETT T. KANE

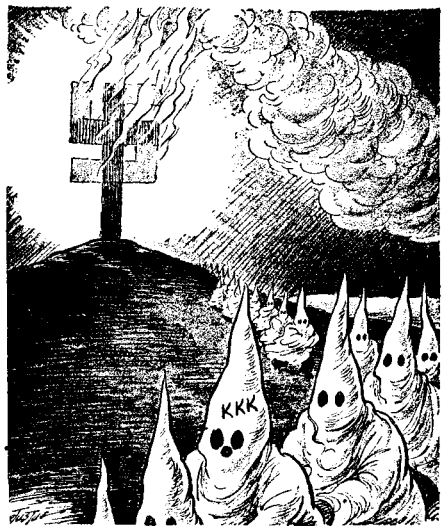
A HOT, angry book is this one; and out of its heat comes undeniable light. It has its faults, but nobody can say that thirty-year-old Stetson Kennedy is not an urgent prosecutor, marshaling his mass of evidence with skill and, generally, conviction.

His thesis is simple: as a Southerner, he feels that his region has permitted a comparatively small group of exploiters to sink the mass of its people into a state approaching misery and hopelessness. Some of the most powerful of anti-democratic forces are concentrating upon the region today, building up a "reservoir of Fascism with which to flood the nation," he declares.

Nevertheless Mr. Kennedy thinks there remains hope for this section which sends such savage and obscene clowns to Washington and to its state capitals. The South feels the breath of a new democracy; it is beginning to slough off ancient prejudices, to see its future in an economic-political fair deal for its natives, both white and Negro.

Clearly, Mr. Kennedy is attempting no balanced presentation; he is offering a slashing indictment, one in which he has complete faith. Opening the book, he admits this. Quoting a professional Defender of the South who said it was "possible to become so concerned over the plight of the sharecropper as to forget how the good earth smells at dawn," he answers: "It seems to me that the sharecropper's plight deserves priority over the earth's smell." True; yet one might wish that Mr. Kennedy had managed, between his ringing facts and searing statistics, to insert a mite more of the look and feel and touch of his South. In an earlier book, "Palmetto Country," he gave us a good deal of this, in fine, evocative pages.

The middle of "Southern Exposure" is its best—the section dealing with the specific type of violence and agent of violence with which the South is infected. He obviously knows whereof he writes; a terrible kind of conviction gleams from his recitals of brutal murders of Negroes, castrations of labor leaders, grim mistreatment of Jews and others who fall victim to well-heeled, well-organized Southern interests. This most "sensational" part of the volume is to me its most valuable contribution.



—*Justus in the* Minneapolis Star.

Hitlerism in America.

Here, for the first time, for instance, is an adequate presentation of a half-forgotten but ominous incident in our recent history — the scheming by money-heavy Southern industrialists and politicians to steal the 1944 election from Roosevelt, via the electoral college, no matter how the people voted. Mr. Kennedy has done good spade work in uncovering a malodorous chapter in the present-day American story.

Mr. Kennedy, clearly a lively and inquisitive fellow, gets around. He collected letters from smirking Babbitts who peddle Hitler's hatreds; he interviewed gimlet-eyed zealots who want to use guns against the poor, especially those that wish to organize; smiling, sinister purveyors of malice such as the "Christian Americans," "White Frontiers," the agents of Gerald L. K. Smith, and not least, the more "respectable" Southern reactionaries, parading under such names as "small business" and "industrial councils."

These documented, outright muckraking passages serve an important purpose. They quote a twenty-one-year-old merchant of prejudice, who says that Hitler was too easy on Jews; this character would "kill them all." They describe how the "Christian Americans" work steadily to abolish legal protection of unions in the South; they describe organizations that concoct lies about so-called "Eleanor clubs." They picture busy little Texans (who don ten-gallon hats only when they go Nawth) in quest of money from Yankees or anybody else.

Mr. Kennedy's first section, a generalization of facts and history of the "Squalid South," is good enough, presented in free-swinging, journalistic style, with a few too many statistics. The closing part, "The Road Ahead," is provocative in another fashion. Though its conclusion can be regarded by some liberals as rather moderate, in its presentation it seems more doctrinaire than persuasive. Often Mr. Kennedy over-simplifies; he works upon the converted rather than the unconverted. Southern liberals are certain to disagree among themselves about it; and out of that additional heat, too, may come a measure of further enlightenment.

On Rereading an Old Fanatic

By Bridget Dryden

I SEEM to know him
who burned nightlong praying his light
might light the night more clearly.

I seem to watch him
who burned dead bone even his own
to bare the stone that so the naked word
might stand stark and alone.

At last I understand him
a shade more clearly,
who with a price
bought his belief with blood and dearly

so that the word,
the word itself
unblurred and undeterred
should cleave the sham and break the shard
and strip the gravecloth from a risen lord;

who burned nightlong that night might burn more clearly.

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Sixteenth-Century American Art

THE NEW WORLD. Edited by Stefan Lorant. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce, Inc. 1946. 278 *pp.* $20.

Reviewed by ROGER BUTTERFIELD

JUST 361 years ago an English water-colorist named John White wandered along the shores and through the lush forests of primitive Virginia, making the earliest pictures that are now known to exist of life on the North American Continent. In this book, for the first time, John White's pictures of America are reproduced in their original lovely colors, and in their entirety, so far as they have survived. The collection includes twenty sketches of the Indians of Roanoke Island and vicinity as they looked in the year 1585, including close-up portraits and action pictures of their methods of fishing, fighting, eating, dancing, burying their dead, and so on; thirty-nine exquisite pictures of American plant, animal, and marine life; and four maps or plans—sixty-four in all. Up to this time the only available color reproductions of any of these pictures were six souvenir postcards issued by the British Museum, which owns the originals.

It is an amazing thing, in our picture-minded age, that these beautiful and historically priceless sketches should have remained so long in comparative obscurity. Much credit for their rescue must be given to Stefan Lorant, tireless researcher of things pictorial, who edited this handsome volume; to Randolph G. Adams, director of the William L. Clements Library at Ann Arbor, who supplied the tinted facsimile copies from which the plates were made; and to the publishers, Duell, Sloan & Pearce, for undertaking such an expensive and worth-while venture.

White's water-colors alone are worth the whole price, but "The New World" contains much more. It contains the entire series of twenty-three engravings which the Flemish master Theodore de Bry made from White's originals and published as early as 1590. It also contains the complete series of forty-two De Bry engravings relating to the short-lived French Huguenot settlement in Florida in the 1560's.

For even John White in 1585 was not the first artist to draw America—that honor probably belongs to the Frenchman Jacques LeMoyne, who was assigned to the French forces at Fort Caroline as artist and mapmaker. LeMoyne painted in oil, but only one of his original American paintings is now known to exist, in a chateau in France. This also is reproduced in the book, in black and white.

LeMoyne's experiences, incidentally, show that the career of an artist-correspondent in sixteenth-century America was at least as rugged as anything in the recent war. When the Spanish army under General Memendez attacked the French Fort Caroline, near the mouth of the present-day St. John's River, LeMoyne had just come off watch and flung himself, soaking wet, on his hammock. His harquebus, equivalent to a modern tommy-gun, was on the floor. He never had a chance to pick it up. At the moment he woke he saw two Spaniards with drawn swords running toward him. For some reason they kept going right past him. He ran to an embrasure and got across the ditch, trampling the bodies of some of his friends, and dashed uphill toward the woods, running—as he says—"like a man who had lost his senses." In the woods he found a few other stray Frenchmen. One of them, after a cold and hungry night, insisted on surrendering to the Spaniards at the fort. LeMoyne watched him walk up to two sentries and fall on his knees, begging for mercy. The Spanish soldiers calmly hacked him to pieces and "carried off the dismembered fragments of his body on their spears and pikes."

Altogether the Spanish did such a thorough slaughtering job in Florida that the French gave up hope of maintaining any settlement there. LeMoyne managed to find a small French ship which brought him home, but how he got his pictures back remains a mystery, for he says nothing about it in his interesting narrative.

LeMoyne's narrative along with eight other first-hand accounts of the Florida and Virginia settlements are reprinted in full by Mr. Lorant to supply background for the pictures—and what wonderful background they supply! Here are the first Americans in all their gaudiness and bloodiness—big, ruddy-skinned men and women, painted blue around the mouth, heavily tattooed, decorated with copper spangles and sea shells, wearing bird's claws and pearls in their ears, prowling through thickets of wild roses, killing each other with wooden swords and arrows pointed with fish bones, scalping, mutilating, clawing out eyes with fingernails especially sharpened for the purpose, shoving poles down alligators' throats, hunting animals and men by scent, smoking their fish for winter and their kings for eternity by the same process, playing ball, planting corn and tobacco, building canoes and fish-traps. They led a full life, and the pictures and text in this book give a full report on it.

It is unfortunate, however, that Mr. Lorant decided to rewrite, smooth down, and "modernize"—as he says in his introductory notes—all the original English narratives. This does strange and unpleasant things to such robust Elizabethan prose-masters as Thomas Hariot, author of the classic "Briefs and True Report on the New Found Land of Virginia." Here, for instance, is what Hariot himself says

—From the book.

This painting by the Frenchman Jacques LeMoyne, "probably the first artist to draw America," is the only one of his original American paintings now known to exist.

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about the chances for war between the English and the Indians:

> If there fall out any warres between us & them, what their fight is likely to bee, we having advantages against them so many maner of waies, as by our discipline, our strange weapons, and devises els; especially by ordinances great and small, it may easily be imagined; by the experience we had in them in some places, the turning up of their heeles against us in running away was their best defence.

And here is the way it comes out in the Lorant version:

> If we should ever fight the inhabitants, the results can easily be imagined. We have great advantages over them, for we have disciplined soldiers, strange weapons, devices of all sorts, and especially we have large and small ordnance. So far we have found their best defense against us was to turn on their heels and run away.

Or to take one other brief sample, from John White himself in a description of his last voyage to Virginia:

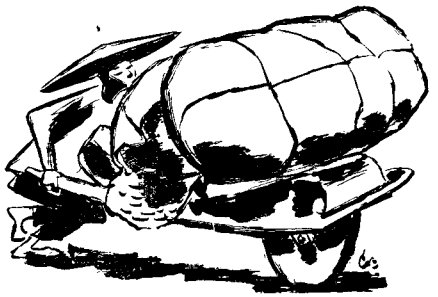
> The Governors, Masters and sailers, regarding very smally the good of their countrymen in Virginia; determined nothing lesse than to touch at those places, but wholly disposed themselves to seeke after purchase & spoiles, spending so much time therein, that sommer was spent before we arrived at Virginia.

This is what Lorant makes of it:

> The leaders, captains, and sailors showed very small regard for the welfare of their countrymen in Virginia. There was nothing they wanted less than to touch in those parts. Their whole desire was to plunder Spanish ships and take prizes, and they spent so much time doing this that summer was over before we arrived in Virginia.

Only an ear which was extraordinarily insensitive to Shakespearean English could tolerate this kind of thing for page after page. It is like taking one of John White's watercolors and "modernizing" it into a design for a postage stamp. It is a sizable flaw in an otherwise magnificent book.

Legendary Figure of the East



RAFFLES OF SINGAPORE. By Emily Hahn. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1946. 570 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by WENZELL BROWN

THE name of Thomas Stamford Raffles is a part of the legend of the Orient. Raffles is the personification of the extension of British imperial power, in both its good and evil aspects. The man was a humanitarian, a quiet-voiced scholar, and a reformer, but he was not above occasional financial chicanery, or the use of force to attain his ends.

Raffles started life in the same year that the American Revolution began. He was born on a ship off the coast of Jamaica, a ship commanded by his father, Captain Benjamin Raffles. The next authentic information concerning him is the record of his securing, at the age of fourteen, employment as an extra clerk in the powerful East India House. His rise was rapid and, in 1805, he was sent out to Penang with an assistant secretaryship. Before leaving he married a widow, Olivia Fancourt, ten years his elder and took her with him on a voyage that was part honeymoon. Despite this, records claim that Raffles mastered the Malay tongue during the outward trip.

Raffles's linguistic skill, his industry, his interest in local customs, and his relative honesty served him in good stead. Promotion followed promotion in quick succession. When Java came under British control, Raffles was made governor. After the restoration of Java, the Dutch were so impressed with Raffles's record of reforms, that they maintained intact the remodeled administration which he had established. Raffles returned to England and was knighted.

But soon Raffles was again in the Orient. He was made governor of Benckulen in Sumatra. Then in 1819, he founded the City of Singapore, for he was the first man to recognize the tremendous strategic value of the location. He fought against every conceivable obstacle to build a powerful fortress there and it was through his efforts that Singapore became the lifeline of Empire and was maintained as such until its capture by the Japanese troops. Present-day Singapore abounds with memories of its founder —there is the Raffles Hotel, Raffles Park, and many statues of the man. Raffles himself was a broken man when he left Singapore. The ship, *The Fame*, on which he set out for England caught fire a few days out of port. From a life-boat, he watched the treasures, collected throughout the years, go up in flames. The last hard year of his life was spent trying to recover some of his loss from the East India Company. He was unsuccessful in this. He died, bitter and disillusioned, on his forty-fifth birthday.

This in brief, is the life of Raffles of Singapore. It is a life filled with color, movement, warmth, excitement, and a great variety of incident. Thus I approached Miss Hahn's book with great eagerness, expecting to find these qualities within it, and I was terribly let down, for "Raffles of Singapore" is heavy, turgid reading.

Raffles never comes to life in the 570 pages of the book, except when his own letters are quoted, or when he is being described in the exact words of his Indian clerk, Munshi Abdullah. Miss Hahn writes, "I know of nothing more irritating to the student of history than the roundabout literary style of Raffles's period." Yet personally I found the letters of Raffles filled with charm and subtle wit, and even the biographer Boulger, so despised by Miss Hahn, far more lucid, and even more modern in style, than the tangled, complicated prose of the bulk of this book.

In an apology, Miss Hahn states clearly the difficulty with "Raffles of Singapore," when she applies the following quote to her own work, "The volume is too cursory for the specialist and too detailed for others." As Miss Hahn realizes this, it is a pity that she made no effort at its correction.

Revelation

By Maxine Brinkley

I SAW sound changing into light;
Heard light turn into sound.
There is a formula for it
Wise men have found.

It has to do with quicker light
That travels faster than
The waves of unheard sound above
The ear of man.

The eyes may not discern the path
Of light and sound so great
Yet all of life is measured in
Their smallest rate.

A million years, a single breath
Are captured . . . then are gone,
And man is left with only space
To stand upon.

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World Brain in the Tree

BROOKLYN U. S. A. By John Richmond and Abril Lamarque. New York: The Creative Age Press. 1946. 139 *pp.* $3.

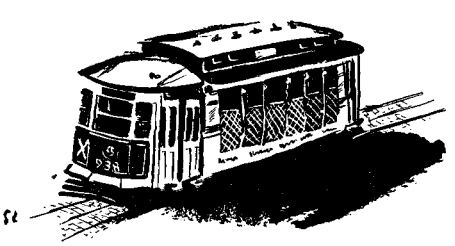
Reviewed by
JONATHAN TITELESCU FOGARTY

INASMUCH as the world knows more about Brooklyn than it does about Jonathan Titelescu Fogarty, and inasmuch as the destiny of the world, of the fair borough of Brooklyn and of Jonathan Titelescu Fogarty are soon to become linked for all time, it is only proper that I begin this review by telling my readers about the reviewer.

I am Jonathan Titelescu Fogarty, a man in a man's world and a gentleman in a ladies' world. I am a man with heart and brain and a smile on my face always. I am a man of vast experience, and although I was never educated in a university, I have nourished myself deeply on the wisdom of the ages and the sages. I never blow my own bugle, but if you want to know what kind of man I am you can ask my friends and their names are legion. I am the author of an unwritten book called "Sex Emancipation—The Key to the Atom Bomb." I plan to make my unwritten book when it is written a book that will be scientific but human, serious but witty. At the moment, I am collecting facts for my book. I have never been in Brooklyn but I am intending to pay a visit to that magnificent city of the trees and the charms of life, and I want to meet some Brooklyn facts so that I can write about them. Looking in the pictures of this fine tribute to the finest city in the world, I can see that in Brooklyn there are some of the kind of facts I want to know before I write my unwritten book called "Sex Emancipation—The Key to the Atom Bomb." But I am not only the author of an unwritten book with the above title. As I said, I am a man of vast experience. I once had a correspondence with a well-known psychiatrist and I strongly urged him to let me give him the facts about myself because psychiatrists are always seeing people who don't live in Brooklyn and are abnormal, and I told him that if he saw somebody like myself who is as one hundred per cent normal as if he were born in Brooklyn and if he wrote an article in the scientific journals about me, describing me as the model and the example of normality he would become famous because psychiatrists only write about people who live in New York and other places and they always have nuts and bolts where they ought to have brains in their heads and the common decencies in their hearts. So this is the first fact about me. I am normal. And this is another reason why I am attracted to Brooklyn.

I can't tell the readers all about myself in this review, but I can suggest what I am and why I want to go to Brooklyn by informing readers of my latest enterprise. I am now the president, the secretary, and the treasurer of the Jonathan Titelescu Fogarty Society for the Discovery of a World Brain. I have organized this society myself, and I was elected to these high posts and I am fulfilling them with all of the necessary efficiency. I am the sole member of this society but soon I shall begin my recruiting drive, and I am going to begin it in Brooklyn. The Jonathan Titelescu Fogarty Society for the Discovery of a World Brain says this: We live in one world. Since we live in one world we must have one government. Since we must have one government in one world, we must have one brain. Now what kind of World Brain must we have? First of all it must be the brain of a man of vast experience, a man with a heart and a mind, and a smile on his face always, a man who can be a man in a man's world and a gentleman in a ladies' world, a man who is the author of a book which shows a profound knowledge of the most abstruse mysteries of the sciences and who at the same time can understand all of the tender sentiments of the tender sex. That man must be the very essence of normality. As I say, I am planning to emigrate to Brooklyn. Once I am there, the World Brain will be located in Brooklyn where it belongs. And then, my society will begin to organize the world from Flatbush.

The reader can see from this introduction to myself that I must regard this fine book, "Brooklyn U.S.A.," as a mighty fine book. Considering how Brooklyn and the name of Jonathan Titelescu Fogarty are going to be linked in world history, it is equally recognizable why I am the man best qualified to blow a few bugles for this book. I congratulate the authors. They have done me a mighty fine service by telling the world about the city that I will adopt and make the capital of the world because it will be the place where the World Brain will think for the world.



The book is a book for everybody. Everybody must know about Brooklyn now. For those who do not like pictures, this book has some mighty fine writing, telling the world how it misunderstands Brooklyn. For those who do not like to read, there are some mighty beautiful pictures of Brooklyn. The profound and the gay, the high and the low, all of this is to be found in this book. The authors tell us that Brooklyn is a city with churches where the fine upstanding citizens go to bed at nine o'clock, and that it is a city with culture and sports and bridges and that it is a mighty fine city, and that it has a mighty fine baseball team. It is a city that has given to the world some mighty fine people like Mae West and Clara Bow and my fellow only writer, S. J. Perelman, only he writes on the light side of things and I write on the heavier and deeper sides of the things but of course I always like a joke because I am, as all my friends say, a man in a man's world and a gentleman in a ladies' world. Brooklyn is the place where a man like Fogarty belongs, and so I am going to emigrate to Brooklyn and only a city like Brooklyn is the place where the World Brain can live.

Now that these enterprising authors have paid a fine tribute to the city I am adopting, and now that I am moving the World Brain to this beautiful city of trees and bridges and baseball players, the world is going to know all about Brooklyn. These brilliant authors must have had fine psychic powers which told them something tremendous would happen to Brooklyn and so they wrote a book about this city. For they have put out this fine book with pictures on all sides of the life of my city just at the time when Brooklyn is going to become the center of the world.

After I have taken up other details in my plans for Brooklyn, I am going to take a hand, too, in winning a few pennants for the Dodgers. The city where resides the World Brain will have the World Champions every year. I want to say that I urge everybody to buy this book and to look at the pictures in it and to read carefully the text. Because this book tells you about what Brooklyn is like and if you know what Brooklyn is like you will see why a man like myself who is so normal and who is going to live in Brooklyn has chosen Brooklyn to be the city that can boast of being the place where the World Brain belongs.

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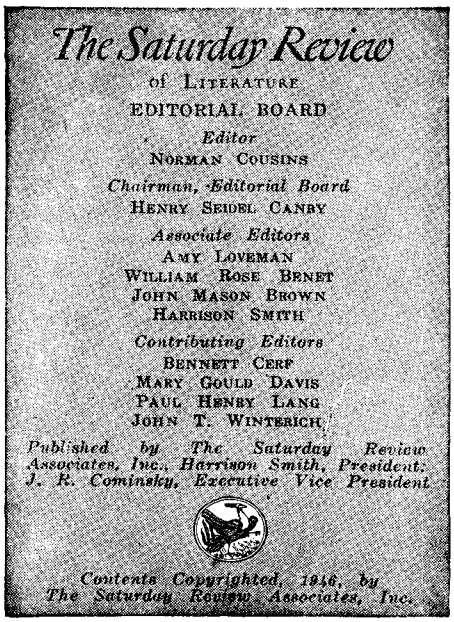

BY THE BOOK

TIME was, and not too long since, when public library patrons were assumed to be divisible into two groups: frivolous females in quest of frivolous fiction (when, by the way, did the term fiction, meaning novels, first gain popular acceptance?) and non-frivolous males, usually somewhat older than the females, delving into the abstruse lore of foundered philosophies. Even in that day, however, there were women customers, true pioneers of the shelves, who had discovered that behind the rows of encyclopedias and gazetteers was a row of cookbooks which contained recipes not cited on the baking-powder can, and pioneer men who learned from out-of-town newspapers that while employment opportunities might range from scattering to negligible to zero in the community of X, there were quite a number in Y.

The utilitarian value of the public library was not an overnight discovery. The process took time. But gradually people began to become aware of the fact that the public library sheltered books and periodicals that told how to do things and how to make things. There came a time when practicality outstripped culture, and no harm done. Quite a lot of good, in fact. For thereby many a library budget benefited. Virgil's Georgics were one thing, and not a very good thing, in the eyes of many common councilmen and boards of selectmen, but a book on bee-culture was something else, even though the book on bee-culture may have been indebted, in some slight degree, to Virgil's Georgics.

And so the public library emerged as the solvent of a thousand humble difficulties, the inspiration of a thousand applications of the printed word to the fundamentals of daily living.

Recently two significant examples of the relation of printing to practicality were disclosed in the public press—and not on the book pages. A man who was no longer young had passed, he believed, too much of his time performing the most modest of duties in a tailor's shop. Actually his bent was mechanical rather than sartorial. He became deeply interested in locks, like Dr. Thorndyke's Mr. Polton in the late R. Austin Freeman's rereadable detective stories. He began to frequent a metropolitan library in search of the literature of keys. He had always liked to read, he later told the police, and he had evidently learned how to look things up—no trifling accomplishment if one is in quest of knowledge in a large library. He devoted some three months to the study of keys—a locksmith's apprentice used to take considerably longer than that in the old days. Then he acquired a key-making machine and set out on his own. He had applied, or misapplied, his talents to thirty-odd residences, with varying degrees of success, before he walked out early one morning into the arms of uniformed authority (also with a little book-learning behind it). His main error seems to have been his failure to devote a little post-graduate attention to the cards listed under Morality and Ethics.

Only two days after this unhappy anticlimax, a home-made yawl was towed into New York by a Coast Guard cutter named, with singular appropriateness, *Icarus*. The yawl's crew of one was a New England millwright, a landsman from birth, who, after his rescue, said that he had never seen "a green sea" until one had washed over his craft two days previously. He, too, had got most of his knowledge out of a public library, and all of it from print. He had stuck close to his bench and never gone to sea until now. No fault of his that he bumped into a true gale; even an experienced, unbookish sailor might have come to grief as readily. When a heavy sea carried away his rudder he rigged a sea anchor; he was trying to "make a westing." "I get all these terms out of books," he told a *New York Herald Tribune* reporter, "but I know what they mean." And when heavy weather had him licked, he ran up his ensign, union down (as it says in the book), on the mizzen. A freighter saw it, picked him up, and radioed the Coast Guard. A book saved his life. A book, of course, had got him into trouble in the first place.

There are morals in these two incidents. For the locksmith, one may cite Disraeli: "Books are fatal: they are the curse of the human race." For the mariner, there is Emily Dickinson:

> There is no frigate like a book
> To take us lands away.
>
> Or to bring us back. J. T. W.

Prophecy in Flame

By Frances Minturn Howard

GRANDFATHER wrote from Valley Forge,
"My dear, I miss you; times are harder;
The cheeses sent from home received,
A fine addition to our larder."

Grandfather wrote, "The volunteers
Are leaving—going home for haying;
We lose militia day by day;
But still a few of us are staying."

Grandfather wrote, "Last night I gave
My blanket to a soldier who
Was wrapped in rags; Phoebe, my dear,
The nights are cold. I dream of you."

Grandfather wrote, "That grand old man
Who bears us up, seems not to tire;
I speak of General Washington,
Who last night shared with us his fire."

Grandfather dipped his quill and wrote,
Sanded and sealed his letter; sent it
Off with a splash of sealing wax,
Thinking of her for whom he meant it,

Nor dreamed that soldiers hungering here
Would feed a nation's new desire,
And men unborn would warm themselves
At that same small, fierce-flickering fire.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

SRL Dateline

SIR: Couldn't the date on *SRL*'s cover be in large type, easily read at a glance, as one searches for that back number one wants to read over again? And couldn't the date also be conspicuously set at the top of your table of contents column?

Sometimes a magazine cover is torn off. If it isn't, the addressograph has a clever way of slapping the address right on top of the small-type date as if to start a guessing game for the subscriber. It's like a bit of sand in a shoe—an annoyance easily remedied. I'm sure you will do something about it.

FLORENCE C. SMITH.

Plainfield, N. J.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Always grateful for constructive suggestions,* SRL *embraces Mrs. Smith's with warmth. Starting with this week's cover* (nota bene) *we shall have a large-type date, and keep it high.*

The Public Has But to Read

SIR: An interesting new technique has developed in red-baiting in this country. It is to insinuate that anyone who does not join in the popular hue-and-cry against the Soviet Union is either a dupe, a sucker, a conspirator, soaked in "dogma" or bought. Mr. Ernst's words "stealth," "anonymity"; his dark queries "Who put up the money?"; "Who organized the pressure?"; "Who put heat on the reporters?" [*SRL* Oct. 26] suggest some dark plot, when one states a view that doesn't happen to be popular. Could the most intolerant set a happier climate for his attacks on freedom of expression? (What's so wonderful about parroting the majority confusions?)

What, for instance, would Mr. Ernst wish those newspaper correspondents to feel who happened to know that Mr. White's alleged twelve-page anti-Soviet conversation of two supposed American engineers in Omsk was never held in Omsk for the simple reason that those engineers were not there? And that, when charged with this, White admitted his geographical fiction, but felt, "it would look better" if he said Omsk. How's that for "fair, unprejudiced, factual reporting" ("not entertainment")?

I looked up correspondent-signers of the letter that characterized White's book as prejudiced and uninformed. Of the sixteen, a considerable number reviewed it, under their own names—not anonymously—in perfectly legal, above-board, American publications—among them, yours. Did you "put pressure" on Maurice Hindus and John Hersey? Or "by stealth" pay them more than your usual rate to point out Mr. White's contradictions, (which as I recall Mr. Hersey did rather neatly)? Or did Mr. Hersey's employer, Mr. Henry Luce, "put up the money"?

As a writer, Mr. Morris Ernst might have discovered by now that one effective "pressure organizer" in the human mind and heart is indignation—and a sense of decency.

ELLA WINTER.

Beverly Hills, Calif.

"Quit *grabbing* gentlemen!"

The American Authors' Authority

SIR: Your editorial determination of the American Authors' Authority [*SRL* Sept. 28] is politely hysterical and deftly misinterprets the plan and the intentions of its proponents.

That notorious anti-Christ James Cain, who sponsored a Democrats-for-Dewey movement in 1944 and recently supported arch-Republican Earl Warren in the California gubernatorial primaries, formulated, did not create the plan, as Harrison Smith formulated your editorial attack upon it, while presumably reflecting the viewpoint of your entire editorial board.

You cleverly accept the wild-eyed accusations of the plan's detractors (Hearst, McCormick, *et al.*) that the Screen Writers' Guild is dominated by Communists, who dictate or influence its policies. This is, of course, the most transparent buncombe; the Guild's membership consists largely of would-be or de facto capitalists many of whom hold the dynamic conviction that capitalism and toryism are not necessarily the same thing.

True, you aver that "excessive capital" has "perhaps" been made of such accusations. Are we to reason that the *SRL* does not condemn reactionary attempts to make *simple* capital of odorous red-baiting techniques? Is it only the "excessive" attacks, when they reach the crazy-with-the-heat level, which your publication ever-so-lightly condemns?

It is as unreasonable to accuse the Guild of Communist domination as it is to maintain that the *SRL* is published from Moscow because a few (or more) Commies might conceivably be numbered among its subscribers.

The AAA is, in essence, an instrument to give the writer, tacking his craft in a perilous sea, some measure of security and protection against royalty-devouring sharks and rights-engulfing eddies. It is radical only in the sense that the most obvious social and economic formulations have been "un-" whatever the existing head-in-sand attitudes were at the moment of their introduction.

Vide, please, that stormy bolshevist Victor Herbert, and his anarchistic plan for an American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers. The American Authors' Authority, which parallels and resembles ASCAP, will survive the spurious soap-box antics of the viewers-with-alarm, whose convenient, tactical solicitude for "The American Way of Life" has an egestive effect upon this otherwise strong-stomached soul.

The *SRL*, a helluva nice guy, ought not to move in such company.

JOE GOTTESMAN.

Hollywood, Calif.

Hymns of Hate

SIR: Hair-raising the locution,
Worthy of execution
Of those who really shouldn't
Say, "On account of I couldn't."

ETHEL CAMP HUGH.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: Writers who should, I think, be inverted
Are those who go right on using "alerted."

CLAYTON HOAGLAND.

Rutherford, N. J.

There, That Settles *That!*

SIR: Than trite-phrased writers
There are those worse—
Those who carp
In two-line verse.

ARCH WRISINGER.

Grandview, Mo.

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Scribner's First Hundred Years

OF MAKING MANY BOOKS. By Roger Burlingame. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1946. 332 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by FREDERICK B. ADAMS, JR.

THE first successes of the firm referred to throughout this book as the House of Scribner were the Reverend Joel Headley's popular histories of "Napoleon and His Marshals" and "Washington and His Generals," and whatever knowledge they strove to impart with their "patriotic, moral tone and sweet vivacity" has long been disregarded. But the House whose commercial foundations were built a hundred years ago on the work of this "Autocrat of all the Quacks," as Poe styled him, has gone on to publish in recent years the novels of Thomas Wolfe, Ernest Hemingway, and Scott Fitzgerald and such an indispensable reference work as the "Dictionary of American Biography," and this is no small indication of enduring vitality.

The Scribner files are apparently complete and unexpurgated. The problem of selecting from them material that the House would be pleased to publish is one that calls for extreme delicacy and good taste, and a willingness to overlook minor unpleasant truths in favor of presenting the larger and more pleasant truth of the firm's achievements. That the book contains some passages derogatory to the House is a tribute to the honesty of the author and the hands-off policy of the publisher; it is not a little refreshing to read the editorial report that caused the rejection of Bennett's "Old Wives' Tale," or the account of the persistent wooing that eventually led, through President Theodore Roosevelt, to the publication of Robinson's poetry, and the subsequent divorce in favor of Macmillan. On the other hand, one looks in vain for substantiation or refutation of some of the legends that are familiar gossip below stairs, or for any reference to such well-documented occurrences as the Hemingway-Max Eastman scrap and the lawsuits against Wolfe and Mrs. Rawlings for libelous representation of living characters.

A trip backstage is always fascinating to a member of the audience, and Burlingame is a friendly escort. There should be no disillusion here for those who remember that publishing is just as much a business enterprise as making cosmetics, with the added occupational hazard of having to rely on authors. Barrie was ever reluctant to part with new work; Kipling was excessively finicky about the mechanical details of the triple expansion engine in Howard Pyle's illustration for McAndrew's Hymn"; Theodore Roosevelt was fortunately more amused, than put out when his "Outdoor Pastimes of an American Hunter" was advertised with a misprint that made him an American *Homer*; Thomas Wolfe was so rattled by the persistent literary chatter that credited editor Max Perkins with transforming his work from chaos to novel that he finally switched to Harper's to prove to his public, and surely to himself, that it wasn't true; Harold Frederic and Edith Wharton, among others, complained of inadequate advertising: James Boyd ended a frenzied search for a title to the successor "Drums" by adopting "Marching On," only to find after publication that the title was already in use on a Harcourt, Brace book. These are a meager handful of the uncounted anecdotes that enliven Burlingame's informal history.

The book is rich in quotations from letters of authors both prominent and forgotten. The customary portraits of the founding fathers and their descendants are pleasingly absent, but one regrets that none of the apparently rich archive of manuscript material was reproduced for illustration. Except for this the book, designed by T. M. Cleland, is appropriately handsome and beyond reproach.

The Man Who Came to Dinner

DINNER AT THE WHITE HOUSE. By Louis Adamic. New York: Harper & Bros. 1946. 242 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

LOUIS ADAMIC'S views on little people and great personages are always interesting. His opinions and his ideas in this book are often brilliantly expressed. Unfortunately for the relevancy of Mr. Adamic's opinions on world affairs in this hour, however, his book is less an essay on man's hopes than it is a hoax. It should be added quickly that it is an unintentional hoax which Mr. Adamic has played on himself.

Among those Americans lucky enough to be invited to dine at the White House no delusion is so common as that an event which is important to them must somehow be important to the world also. And in a real sense this book is the vividly lighted description of that delusion. Mr. Adamic's story centers around the Tuesday evening, January 13, 1942, when he and Mrs. Adamic were dinner guests at the White House. "Seven-thirty. Black tie." Mrs. Roosevelt had noticed a book of Adamic's a couple of times in "My Day," and Adamic is under the impression now that she and the President were using him and the ideas in his book as instruments of international policy in a dinner table duel with Winston Churchill over high policy in the postwar treatment of Europeans and other peoples.

Actually the facts about that evening seem to be as follows: The Adamics were invited to the White House as hundreds of other Americans were, for no very significant reason except the interest of the Roosevelts in people and ideas. When the Adamics were invited it was not known that Churchill would be there that evening. He returned unexpectedly that day. And in order that the Prime Minister might know who the people were who were coming, Mrs. Roosevelt, like any other hostess, gave her house guest her dinner guest's book to look at.

On such a slim basis of coincidence, Mr. Adamic has made a vivid melodrama of an uncertain Roosevelt fighting a losing battle with a tough old Tory and plotting shrewdly with his Missus to use Adamic and Adamic's ideas as weapons in the fight. Mr. Adamic has added to his brief contact with the two personages (between nearly eight o'clock and the time of the beginning of a Toscanini concert in Constitution Hall) a legend, credited by him to Wendell Willkie. It is that Churchill in Willkie's presence rolled Roosevelt out in his wheelchair in symbolism of the fact that he could roll Roosevelt where he pleased. The anecdote does no credit to Willkie's memory. And certainly it does no credit to Churchill's intelligence. A Churchill who could have rolled Roosevelt where he wanted would have made no smart-alec show of it to a Roosevelt opponent.

Adamic has written a book which is good theatre but bad history. When he departs from the melodrama with which he invests his one meal, his book is sounder if less arresting. His liberalism is clear, informed, sharply expressed. His fears that democratic hopes may be nearly lost deserve respectful attention. Most of his feelings seem to me sound. It is, I think, throughout an honestly intentioned book and a useful and vivid one. And if one meal is magnified almost to the proportions of one world, that seems an honest man's mistake.

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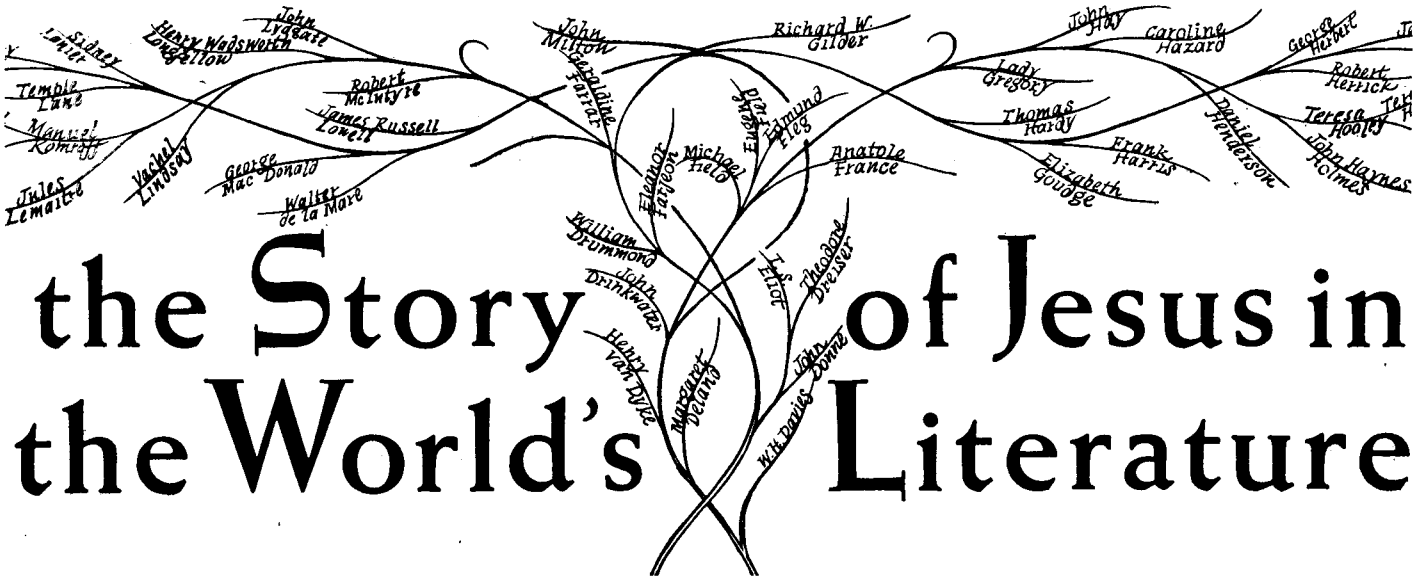

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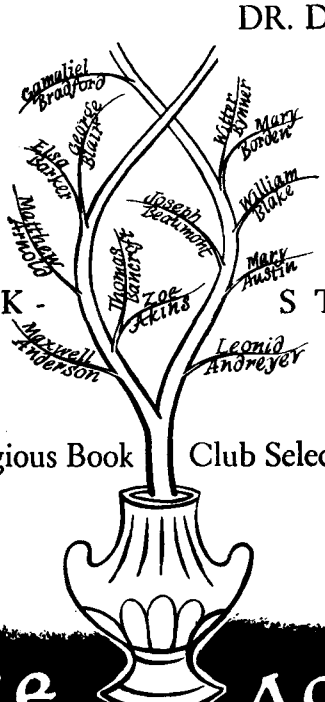

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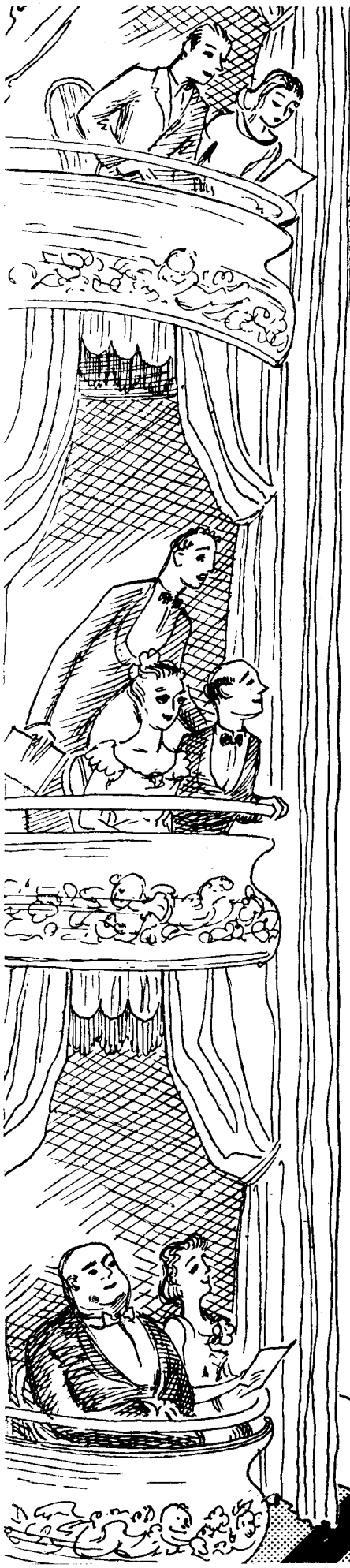

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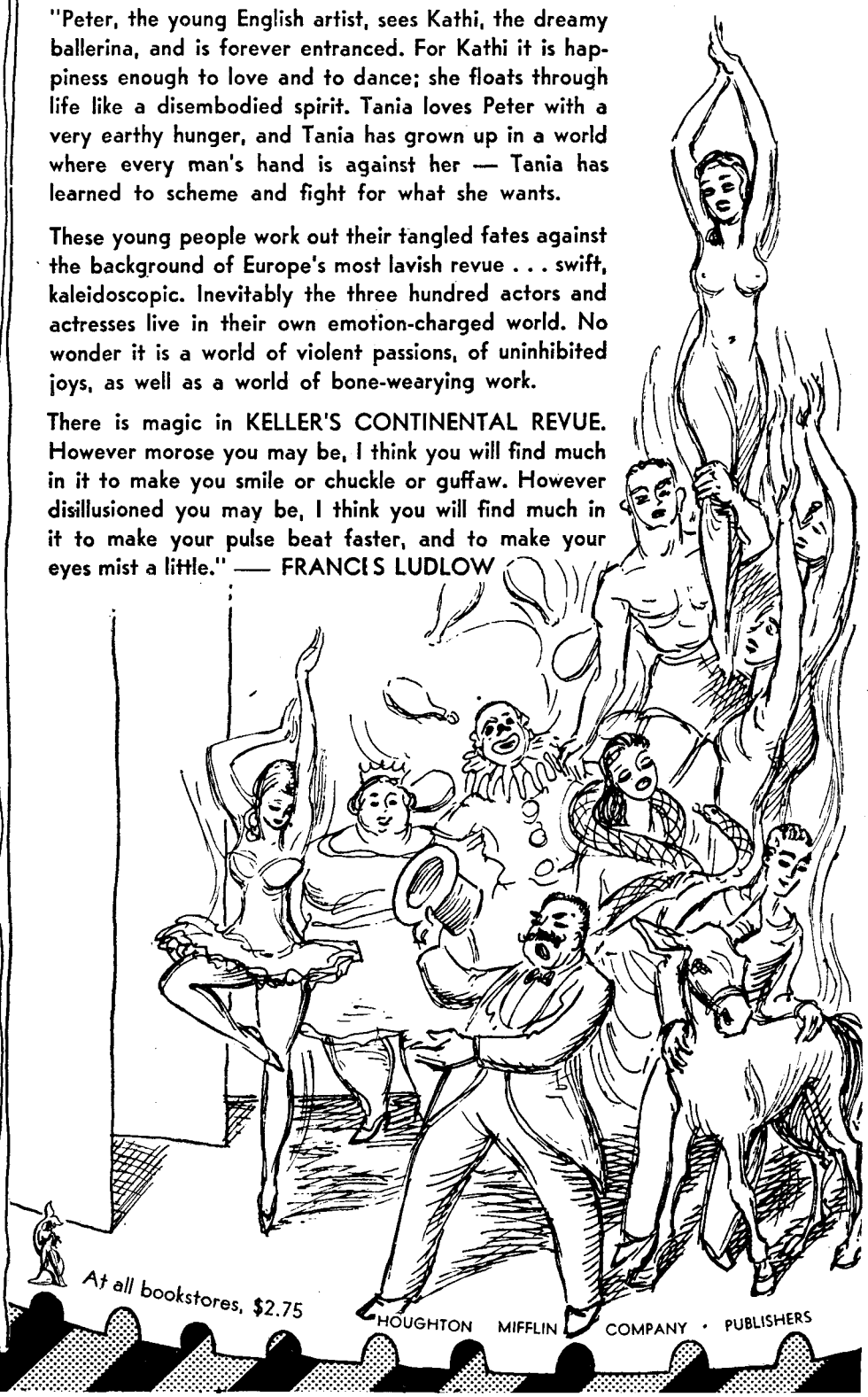

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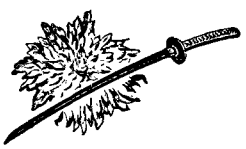

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The Chrysanthemum and the Sword

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Twenty-Two Winners

O. HENRY MEMORIAL AWARD PRIZE STORIES of 1946. Edited by Herschel Brickell, assisted by Muriel Fuller. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1946. 318 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

READERS who may argue with themselves or with others over the individual merits and demerits of the twenty-two stories contained in this volume need not do so apologetically. They will be in good company, for, as Mr. Brickell's introduction makes plain, the editor and his assistant and his board of judges did a great deal of arguing among themselves. Reading quotations from the reports of Miss Fuller, James Gray, Miss Helen Hull, and Hudson Strode, we are permitted to witness a free-for-all in the ring of critical opinion that is calculated to make the weak-willed reader mistrust his own judgment, while making the strong-willed surer than ever that if he is to rely on any judgment it must be his own. Where one member of Mr. Brickell's board found first-rate quality, another saw only a mediocre performance; the story that moved one judge to superlatives was not even mentioned by a colleague. The editor accepted these widely differing opinions "as an indication of the high average quality of the selections," and assumed the "final heavy responsibility" of naming the prizewinners himself.

Surveying the few stories that were chosen and the many that were called and considered, Mr. Brickell concludes that the American short story is in a flourishing state. One might worry, perhaps, about the corrupting influence exerted by high-paying magazines of mass circulation; but the fact seems to be that writers who are capable of writing "serious" stories, of "literary value," are usually incapable of being corrupted by the magazine medium, however much they may wish to be. Hollywood is another matter. A serious writer may be summoned West because he has exhibited conspicuous talents, and he may accumulate a small fortune before it is discovered by himself and his employers (he usually makes the discovery first) that he has "nothing to contribute to the industry." Or the discovery of his incompetence may never be made, for, as they say, Hollywood is like that. But the writer who would collect from the mass circulation magazine must deliver the standard article, and it is precisely this article that the writer, whose mind is not standard, finds most difficult of production. Which is not to say that the "artistic" short story has not its formulas and fashions, its tricks and dodges. But the better the writer is, the less obvious they are; when the desired illusion is perfectly realized, they seem to be wholly absent; and sometimes they are absent.

For the most part, they are not obvious in the present collection. Among the prize winners, only Victor Ullman's "Sometimes You Break Even" smells to me of formula: it appeared in *The Atlantic*, that academy of prize winners (three out of four this year), but it would have fitted nicely into one of the big-circulation giants.

John Mayo Goss takes first prize with "Bird Song," the story of a man who has found an asylum for the insane to be a true asylum—a sanctuary in which he can take refuge from the uncertainties and terrors of the outside world; and in this case the illusion is complete. We are admitted to a fictional situation, we believe in it, and we take leave of it with our memory full. Mr. Goss's touch is sure, so sure that he merits the commendation pencilled on the test papers which won T. L. Peacock his place at India House: "Nothing superfluous, and nothing wanting." Nor is there superfluity or lack in Margaret Shedd's "The Innocent Bystander," winner of the second prize. This tale of a man and a dog, caught in an inescapable coil of circumstance in a Central American port, with the trap being sprung by an obsessed character, moves powerfully to its tragic conclusion, through a surrounding atmosphere that is made real with a minimum of descriptive effort. The fourth prize winner, a "first" by Cord Meyer, Jr., uses material that is, for obvious and worthy reasons, being worked over by many writers these days; but "Waves of Darkness" stands up with the best of its kind. In comparison, the similar war story by Meridel LeSueur suffers somewhat. One feels, too, that it was rather a stunt for a woman to write the story Miss LeSueur has chosen to write; so many men, just now, have a prior and closer claim to the subject matter.

Two of the most interesting stories of the lot are John Berryman's "The Imaginary Jew" and M. P. Hutchins's "Innocents"; and they are also the most original, in the best sense of the word. The second, which brilliantly accounts for the formation of a female infant's character during her first week of life, is far too long; but the first is perfectly proportioned for its purpose and has the impact of a solid object accurately thrown. The narrator's bewildered inability to prove that he is not a Jew, in the face of a charge carelessly flung at him, and his moment of revelation, are managed by Mr. Berryman with a skill that should have been prizewinning. On the credit side of this volume's ledger, I should also place Dorothy Canfield's "Sex Education," in which the reader is led adroitly to the central truth, stage by stage; Eudora Welty's "A Sketching Trip," a little masterpiece in the creation of scene and atmosphere, although perhaps too loaded with plot towards the last; "Request for Sherwood Anderson," by Frank Brookhauser, a war anecdote that is well and modestly told, with the suggestion that Anderson was needed to do it justice; Truman Capote's "Miriam," a devilishly haunting story that might have been written by John Collier; "The Guide," in which Andrew Lytle describes a boy's introduction to the adult world, by way of a duck shooting expedition; Irwin Shaw's "Act of Faith," a story of race prejudice that could have done with a little cutting in the "letter" section; and David S. Savler's "The Beggar Boy," which I would have cut even more drastically than would Mr. Strode.

Not the most distinguished of the O. Henry Award series, the 1946 volume still offers plenty of good reading, and also plenty of fuel for argument.

Storm Warning

By Etta May Van Tassel

MAKE the beam steady,
The rafter strong—
Or a house on an island
Won't last long!

Make the roof heavy,
The windows tight,
For they will know many a
Savage night.

Tempest, twister and
Tidal wave
Sweep all sham
To a certain grave.

Woe to pretense
When line-storms shriek
Over an island,
Wild and bleak!

Woe, in the howling
Hurricane shock,
To the house—or the man—
Not built on rock!

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It is even more important for us to give you *this* information through this announcement: the Prospectus describing the publishing program for 1947 is now on the presses; when this next Series is launched, the publishers will be able to assign more paper for the Club's publications—there will be room for a few thousand boys and girls to come into the Club, and this represents an exciting opportunity for *you!*

An illustration for *Robinson Crusoe* by EDWARD A. WILSON

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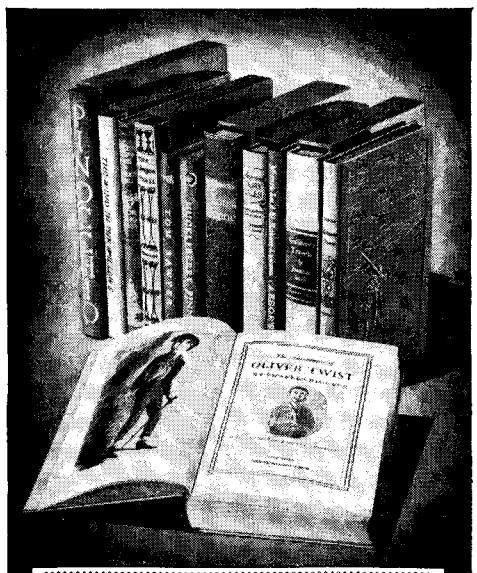
A painting by MAYNARD DIXON for *The Oregon Trail*



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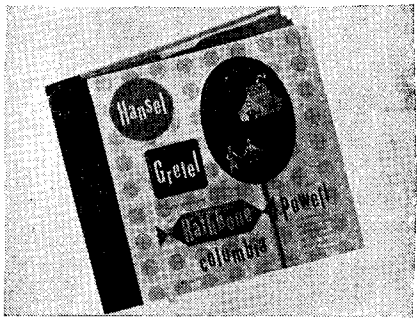

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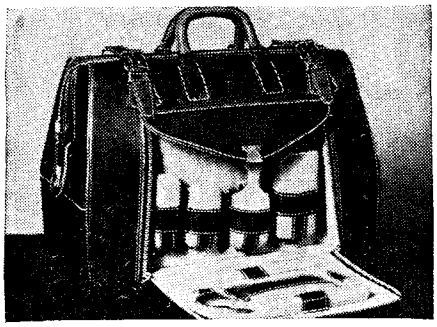

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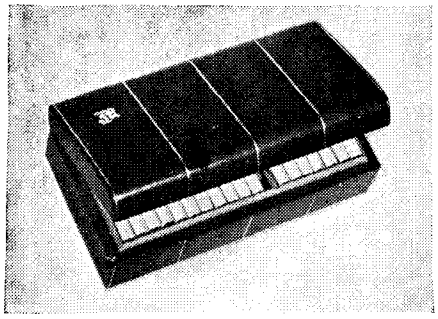

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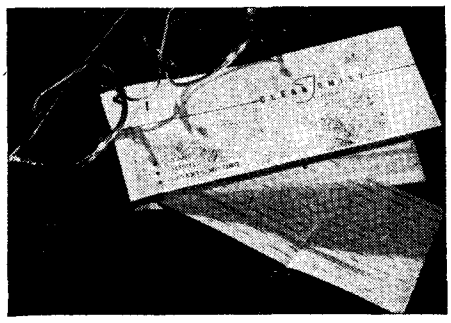

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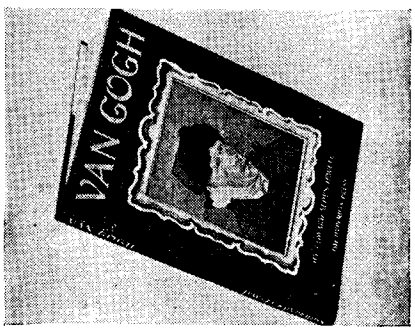

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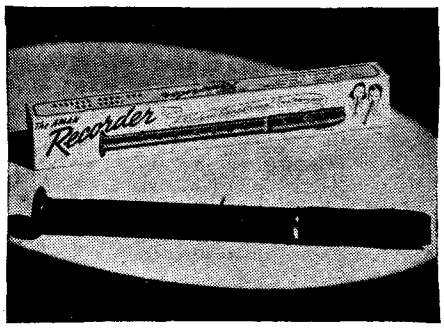

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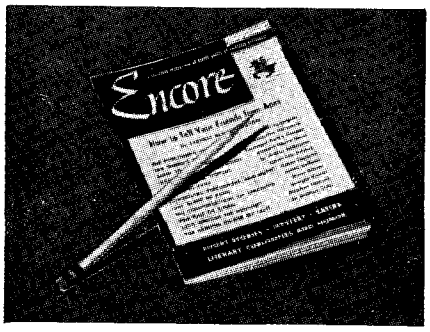

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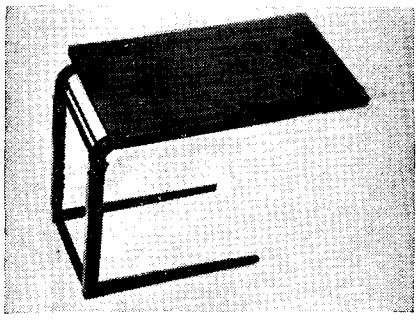

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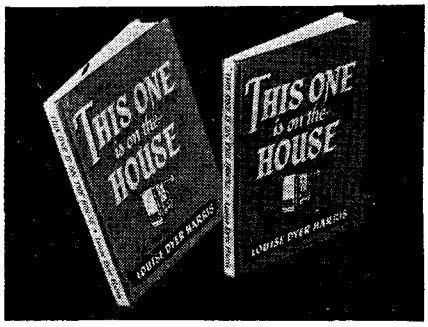

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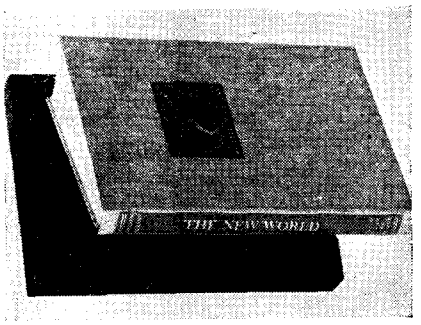

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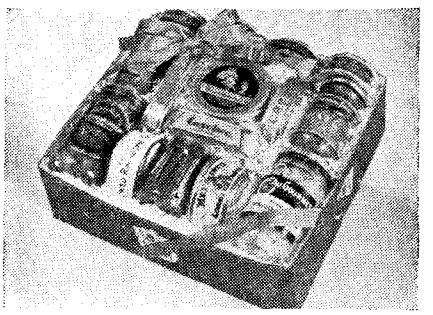

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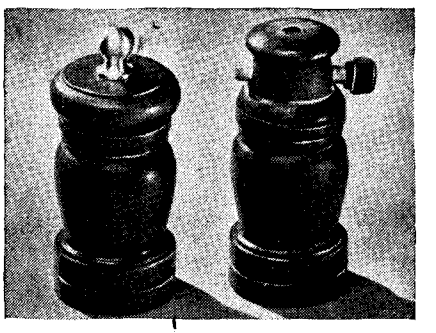

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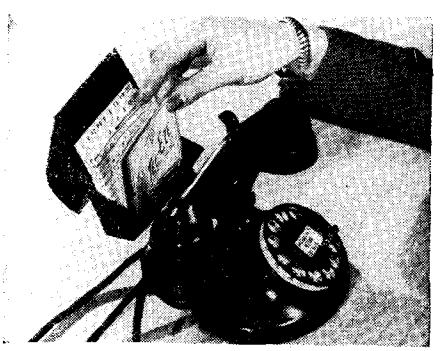

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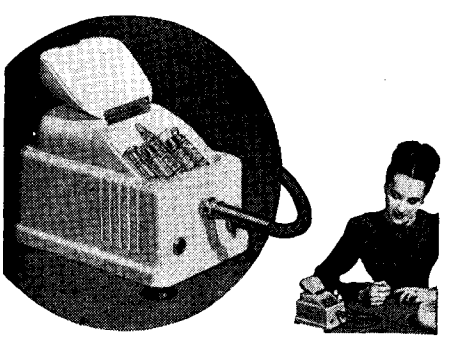

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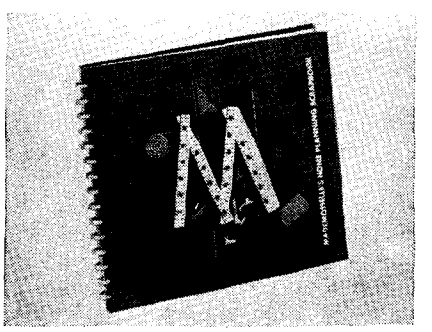

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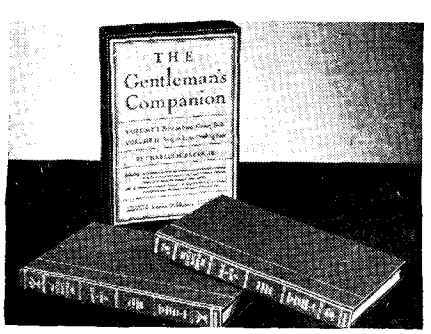

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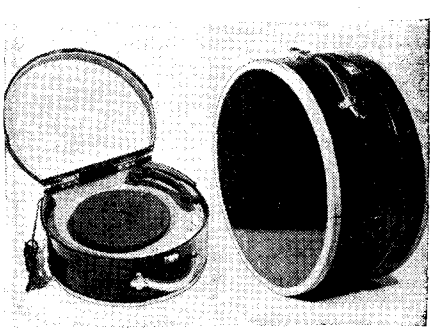

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Seeing Things

THAT MAGIC WORD

ON the day that the American Repertory Theatre* opened its much-heralded season with "Henry VIII," an advertisement appeared in New York newspapers which sent some of us reaching for our specs. Not that the ad was small. Far from it. What compelled those of us who are horn-rimmed to take to our shells was the simple fact that our eyes could not believe what they were seeing.

The two masks—the one smiling, the other scowling—which decorated the advertisement's upper corner offered no surprise. In matters theatrical these masks, alas, are as routine as the three balls which announce a pawnbroker, as the red-white-and-blue pole which proclaims a barbershop, or that blindfolded damosel with the suspended scales who epitomizes Justice. Indeed, any device to signify the drama other than these two stubborn reminders that Thespis got there first would for most of us come as a relief.

No, what caught my eye in the ad, as inevitably as if it were one of those floral horseshoes with which brother butchers are apt to salute the opening of a confrere's new store, was the spate of large type reading, "GOOD LUCK, AMERICAN REPERTORY THEATRE! The Whole American Theatre Has a Stake in Your Future."

This cheerful salutation (or was it a blanket injunction?) was followed by a roll-call of signatories of a length not easily equaled at the U.N. on a good day. Seventeen theatrical organizations—unions, trade groups, and producing units—were represented. From the Actors Equity to the Theatrical Wardrobe Attendants; from the United Scenic Artists of America to the Ushers and Doormen; from the Treasurers and Ticket Sellers Union to the Associated Musicians of Greater New York, and the Dramatists Guild to the Playwrights' Company, the American theatre had signed on the dotted line. With the rather conspicuous exception of the Drama Critics Circle, our stage had apparently John Hancocked its way to a unanimity unknown since the Hallams first acted in Manhattan and Royall Tyler was a fledgling.

Why?

Because repertory was once again assumed to be on the march. And because repertory, among most lovers of the stage, is a magic word. Like freedom in a Fourth of July oration, like the mention of F.D.R. by a Democratic candidate, like reduced taxes in a Republican speech, like peace to Father Divine, it releases sweet music. It caresses the ears. It stirs the heart. It lifts grounded hopes into the air. Which would be all to the good if only it did not likewise settle on the reason like a sedative.

Let John Jones make it known that he *is going to produce*, as well as he possibly can, a single play by a promising living playwright, and this announcement is treated by theatregoers as routine news of a somewhat commercial character. But let James Smith, in association with four long-since established actors, whisper that he is to offer on a changing bill three plays by classic dramatists, two of whom are such well-cooled cadavers that their works are exempt from royalties, and a kind of wild jubilation overtakes Broadway.

Punk is applied to the local joss sticks. Incense begins to float in low-hanging clouds around Times Square. And the lily-claspers spread their nostrils to inhale the heady perfume of the blossoms which now seem fated to open wide.

What is deemed mere opportunism in a solitary offering made by some producer who stands a good chance to lose more than his shirt is mysteriously transformed into a public blessing if only three productions are being offered at once by a group of backers all of whom may lose their laundry. According to Broadway's mythology, a regular producer is a plunger who dares to dabble in the arts. But the director of a repertory company is a high-minded idealist who in his own person is a strange embodiment of the Sermon on the Mount and the Gettysburg Address.

Let any producer present in the same week, in the same theatre, and with the same cast in different wigs or whiskers, three revivals less well staged than he might ordinarily have been expected to stage a single

Victor Jory redeems himself as Borkman . . . Ernest Truex "brings out the pathos of the frustrated poet."

drama, new or old, and—presto!—he is greeted as one of Times Square's noblemen. It is the beckoning mention of repertory that turns on the neon in his halo, and makes of an interested party a dedicated man. Sainthood has seldom been achieved so painlessly.

The hundred eyes of Argus are not required to ferret out the virtues of repertory. These are as self-trumpeting as the defects of Bilbo. Herewith, then, the litany repeated regularly by its champions. The great acting companies of the world, from the Saxe-Meiningen troupe and the Moscow Art right down (with reservations) to the Old Vic have all been repertory organizations.

Our commercial theatre in New York thinks chiefly of the liveliness of its box office and very little of the artistic well-being of those who must please audiences by performing before them. The repertory, which Broadway's long and varied list of available commodities offers to its patrons on any single night that they may desire to purchase tickets, exists only on the speculator's side of the footlights. Because it considers the playgoer rather than the player, it catches our wasteful stage in the act of committing a bloodless kind of hara-kiri.

Ensemble playing, in the final sense, can only be achieved by actors accustomed to working together. The run-of-the-play hazards of Broadway casting reduce the actor as an artist to the status of what in domestic circles is known as an "accommodator." Worse than standing still, the best of players stagnate when asked to appear in the same part night after night for hundreds of nights on end. Between "hits," moreover, they starve. Without repertory most actors are

HENRY VIII, by William Shakespeare; WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS, by J. M. Barrie; and JOHN GABRIEL BORKMAN, by Henrik Ibsen. Presented by the American Repertory Theatre, Inc. With a company including Eva LeGallienne, Victor Jory, Walter Hampden, June Duprez, Ernest Truex, Richard Waring, Margaret Webster, and Philip Bourneuf. At the International Theatre.

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THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS

The Musical Hit
CAROUSEL
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2d
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
with John Raitt, Iva Withers, Jean Darling, Eric Mattson, Alice Tobin, Jean Casto
MAJESTIC W. 44th St. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

The Musical Hit
OKLAHOMA!
Based on Lynn Riggs' "Green Grow the Lilacs"
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2nd
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
Harold Keel • David Burns • Betty Jane Watson • Ruth Weston
St. James Thea. W. 44. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

"A MUSICAL SPARKLER"—Walter Winchell
MELVYN DOUGLAS & HERMAN LEVIN present
CALL ME MISTER
The Smash Hit Musical Revue
Music and Lyrics by HAROLD J. ROME
Sketches by ARNOLD AUERBACH
with BETTY GARRETT
Production directed by ROBERT H. GORDON
IN NEW YORK—NATIONAL THEATRE
41st St. West of B'way. Mats. Wed. and Sat.
and ON TOUR
PHILADELPHIA—SHUBERT THEA., Nov. 18-30
BOSTON—SHUBERT THEATRE, Opens Dec. 2
"Broadway's Biggest Revue Hit!"—LIFE MAG.

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★ New York—Hudson Theatre
★ Chicago—Blackstone Theatre
★ Portland—Mayfair theatre

HERMAN LEVIN and OLIVER SMITH present
No Exit
A New Play by JEAN-PAUL SARTRE
Adapted by PAUL BOWLES
ANNABELLA • CLAUDE DAUPHIN • RUTH FORD
Directed by JOHN HUSTON
BILTMORE THEA., 47th St. W. of B'way
Eves. at 9:15. Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 3:00

denied growth, kept unacquainted with the various "styles" of their trade, and granted no sense of permanence. But with repertory—ah, what an immediate difference! Especially at those fund-raising meetings when the plans are still plans.

A repertory company means, among other things, that the theatre joins the public library, the opera house, and the concert hall in playing a proud part in the cultural life of the community. It means that the classic drama is kept in constant circulation; that the plays of yesterday can remain the plays of today; and that drama, which might appeal to small audiences, are given a fair, if occasional, hearing. Moreover, actors, who on one night may be asked to flex their muscles as Hercules, are privileged on the next to mince as Osric.

The above are, of course, some of the arguments traditionally advanced for repertory. More than being persuasive, most (though by no means all) of these arguments are—as pure theory—well beyond dispute. Unfortunately, however, between repertory as an idea and repertory as a fact, there stretches that same yawning gulf which invariably separates the dream from the reality.

The spread of this gulf has once again been made clear by the American Repertory Theatre in its first three productions of the season. It has been made clear in spite of the group ad with which Broadway welcomed its arrival and the repertory tremens to which drama lovers are subject.

That the American Repertory Theatre is composed of worthies who have devoted themselves to a worthy ideal, no one can question. That these worthies—Eva LeGallienne, Margaret Webster, Walter Hampden, Victor Jory, and Ernest Truex—have labored long and hard is no less self-evident. But that the results they have achieved, as disclosed in "Henry VIII," "What Every Woman Knows," and "John Gabriel Borkman," *therefore* make for exciting theatre is quite a different matter. The best of good intentions on the part of actors and producers can pave the way to a hell of an evening for a lot of us.

"Henry VIII," to which Shakespeare contributed little and that not his best, is one of those plays which it is pleasanter to have seen than to see. As a director, Miss Webster has done what she can to keep the text moving. And no one excels her at staging Shakespeare. But "Henry VIII" is a tedious work, unresolved, spotty, and meager even in its poetry. There are threats of stellar parts, such as Queen Katherine, Cardinal Wolsey, and Henry VIII. At playing these Miss LeGallienne, Mr. Hampden, and Mr.

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"ENCHANTING"—Atkinson, Times
HELEN HAYES
in
"Happy Birthday"
A New Comedy by ANITA LOOS
Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
BROADHURST THEA., 44 St. W. of B'way
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"ALL TRIUMPHANT!"—Barnes, Her. Trib
ETHEL MERMAN
In The Musical Smash
"ANNIE GET YOUR GUN"
Music and Lyrics by IRVING BERLIN
Book by HERBERT and DOROTHY FIELDS
with RAY MIDDLETON
Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
IMPERIAL THEA., 45 St. West of B'way
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the VOICE of the TURTLE
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MOROSCO Thea., W. 45 St. Evs. 8:35. Mats. Wed & Sat.

A smash hit of enormous proportions."—Ward Morehouse, Sun
MAX GORDON presents
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A New Comedy by GARSON KANIN
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"Rattling good theatre."—Atkinson, Times
JOSE FERRER in
CYRANO de BERGERAC
Frances Reid — Ralph Clanton — Hiram Sherman
Paula Laurence — Francis Compton
Ernest Graves — William Woodson
Barrymore Thea. 47th St. W. of B'way. CI 6-0390
Eves. 8:30. Sharp. Mats. WED. & SAT. 2:30

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CONTINUOUS
WARNER'S HOLLYWOOD
Based on the famous play by Louis Verneuil

Jory are nothing if not earnest. David Ffolkes's costumes and settings are handsome, too. Yet it is hard not to feel about the play as Pepys did when he confided to his diary in 1664 that "though I went with resolution to like it, (it) is so simple a thing made up of a great many patches, that, besides the shows and processions in it, there is nothing in the world good or well done." Two minor parts in the American Repertory Theatre's production are, however, outstandingly well done. One is Richard Waring's vibrant acting of the Duke of Buckingham; the other is Philip Bourneuf's brilliantly lucid reading of the prologues.

Of the same organization's production of "What Every Woman Knows" the less said the better. It is stock company stuff, on an off day, by an off stock company. Leaving a performance before it is finished is in itself a form of criticism. If I was not unwilling to sneak out of "Henry VIII" before the final tableau, I was delighted to leave the Barrie play at the conclusion of the third of its five scenes. I happen to like the play in spite of its mixture of thistles and marshmallows. I could not bear to see what was being done to it, especially by June Duprez as a charmless Maggie. The only pleasure I had out of the evening was sharing, in some degree, the fun Miss LeGallienne was having as the all-knowing Comtesse.

"John Gabriel Borkman" is different; compellingly so. What is static or dead in the other productions here has life. The performance is possessed of a fine tension. Ibsen's study of the living dead, including the tycoon who has survived a crash and imprisonment, is snatched from the library and returned to the stage. It receives a far better production than the one Miss LeGallienne gave this same play years ago down at the Civic Repertory. Miss LeGallienne is at home in Ibsen. Her wraithlike Ella is a completed characterization, knowledgeably drawn and projected. As Mrs. Borkman, Miss Webster, who can be an indifferent actress, creates a cold, driving figure which in excellence matches the Masha she played some seasons back with the Lunts in "The Sea Gull." As Borkman, Mr. Jory redeems himself as an actor in a way for which we were not prepared either by his Henry VIII or his work in last year's "Thérèse." Even Mr. Truex, who as the Lord Chamberlain and the elder Wylie had seemed (in Percy Hammond's phrase) as out of place as an Elk at Oxford, subdues the farceur's quaver in his voice to bring out the pathos of Foldal, the frustrated poet.

The mere fact that so interesting a production of "John Gabriel Borkman" has been made by a repertory theatre will doubtless be pointed to by some as a demonstration of the virtues of repertory itself. I wish I could believe this. To my way of thinking, the four players who are good in "John Gabriel Borkman" just happen to have understood this particular play and to have been right for it. The fact that two of them (only two of them, mind you) can also be seen in an inadequate revival of "What Every Woman Knows," or that all four of them appear to no genuine advantage in "Henry VIII," has, I feel, nothing to do with the case.

Although repertory cannot make bad actors good, it may at times miscast good actors so that they seem to be bad. Among the rewards it offers playgoers should be the acting surprises it discloses. One of the troubles with the American Repertory Theatre is that such players as Miss LeGallienne, Mr. Hampden, and Mr. Truex have been on the stage so long that they are apt to have few surprises to offer. That they are high-minded people making what is commonly held to be a noble experiment goes without saying. But high-mindedness in the arts is never enough. Certainly an exciting repertory cannot be made from it alone.

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RICHARD SULLIVAN, *N. Y. Times*

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Adherent of Horse-and-Buggy Days

HAPPY THE LAND. By Louise Dickinson Rich. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1946. 259 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ELIZABETH COATSWORTH

I REMEMBER very well the impression which Louise Dickinson Rich's "We Took to the Woods" made upon us all when we read it four summers ago. I was the first to get hold of it, and, as it is a book which refuses to lie silent between the hands, I read snatches aloud to my husband who became interested. "That woman knows her world. And she can write," he judged laconically when he had finished. I remember reading one of Mrs. Rich's last-stand winter recipes aloud at the lunch table, and how afterwards Annie, our housekeeper from Nova Scotia, asked if she might borrow the book, and read it for days to the neglect of her crochet work. Our daughters were then twelve and ten, but they each took a whack at it and read it from cover to cover; and, months later, my sister in her old house near Boston pulled down her volume from the bookcase to show me a passage, about a mountain, was it, or a star? "I can't remember anyone's ever putting into words that kind of mood and beauty. And she does it in two sentences without a word wasted," my sister said.

The Mrs. Rich who writes "Happy the Land" is the same woman who wrote "We Took to the Woods," but her theme is now more dispersed. Where the first book had the epic interest of marriage and childbirth and a small household clinging in a crack of the wilderness and somehow surviving, in the second book all is established, and at the big new summer camp at Pine Point there are often twenty or thirty people under the roof, and elsewhere the talk with lumbermen and local people is less fresh when she stands with three or four "sports" from "Out" by her side. Gerrish, the beloved hired man and friend of all the early years, is dead, and later her husband, Ralph, dies "between one breath and the next." The scene shifts from the old winter camp, Forest Lodge, to the summer camp at Pine Point, three miles away as the crow flies, and then to the nearby hotel where she helped out as chambermaid and chef's assistant, and then to the three small villages in each of which she has, for the last three winters, rented a house, so that her children might have a home of their own while they go to school. (Rufus, when the book was written, was nine, and Dinah four.)

Necessarily the impact is less single and not so moving. Yet the same virtues are to be found on every page of the new book. Mrs. Rich knows what she wants to say (which is rare enough) and says it (which is very rare indeed). Her writing is alive, and personal to the last paragraph. The talk is so good that you can almost hear the voices speaking, the incidents are funny and human, and the sense of nature is superb, whether she is describing Grafton Notch with "its lofty ledges imponderable against the sky" shining with wet or "glazed with ice" with "the abandoned fields, the gaping cellar holes, the weary orchards" of a deserted community at their feet; or Upton, "smack on the top of a hill" looking "from the lake, exactly like a toy village, with its tiny houses spaced along ribbons of road, the church and school neat in the center, and a doll's patchwork quilt of fields spread about it"; or the mists and sudden storms of that "bitch" lake Umbagog whose beauty demands each year the sacrifice of at least one life.

But over and above the power by which Mrs. Rich makes the reader see what she sees, hear what she hears, and feel what she feels, is her old-fashioned gift for meditating upon life and character and stating her old-fashioned conclusions. I choose one passage which occurs early in the book:

> A horse-and-buggy-civilization adherent from way back, I blame everything I possibly can on the automobile, its first cousin the airplane, its grandnephew the outboard motor, and while I'm at it, the movie and the push-button home. Anyone with half a brain can argue me down. . . . But I still feel that mere speed and motion are not necessarily progress, and I'd still like to know what people are going to do with the time they save by using electric dishwashers. . . . I believe that progress is a thing of mind, heart, and attitude rather than of mechanical efficiency, and that a philosophy that includes manual labor as good is in advance of one that rejects it as bad.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

OCCUPATIONS OF DICKENS CHARACTERS

Listed below in the column on the left are 25 characters from the stories of Charles Dickens. Can you match up each character with his occupation and the story in which he appears? Allowing 2 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. You'll find the answers on page 47.

1. Cornelia Blimber	( ) Actress	( ) Barnaby Rudge
2. Nicodemus Boffin	( ) Apprentice	( ) Bleak House
3. Josiah Bounderby	( ) Banker	( ) The Chimes
4. Mr. Bucket	( ) Barber	( ) Christmas Carol
5. Sydney Carton	( ) Blacksmith	( ) Cricket on the Hearth
6. Noah Claypole	( ) Burglar	( ) David Copperfield
7. Bob Cratchit	( ) Clergyman	( ) Dombey and Son
8. Septimus Crisparkle	( ) Clerk	( ) Edwin Drood
9. Ninetta Crummles	( ) Coachman	( ) Great Expectations
10. Jerry Cruncher	( ) Detective	( ) Hard Times
11. Jack Dawkins	( ) Dustman	( ) Lamplighter's Story
12. William Dorrit	( ) Fisherman	( ) Little Dorrit
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Stubborn Jane Rankin

THE GIFTS OF LOVE. By Andrina Iverson. New York: Farrar, Straus & Co. 1946. 275 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by SARA HENDERSON HAY

IN THIS first novel, winner of one of the major prizes in the Hopwood Award for fiction, Andrina Iverson tells the story of a girl who is afraid that love and marriage will destroy her sense of personal identity. A more difficult, thorny, confused, stubborn, and self-defeating young woman than Jane Rankin would be hard to imagine. The possessor of a first-class inferiority complex, Jane is constantly on the defensive and like a snail she automatically withdraws into her shell without waiting to see whether the thing that touches her is a friend or foe. This attitude naturally doesn't make her very popular in the small town where she grows up. "Stand-offish," people said, "stuck-up," and speculated on whether marriage would bring her off her high horse.

When she meets Warren Gregory, a handsome, well-mannered, successful and thoroughly admirable young man, Jane struggles hard to resist the attraction he has for her. She is rude, unreasonable, and quarrelsome at their first meeting, and with neurotic perversity she misinterprets his genuine and honorable interest in her, and she torments herself by twisting her own feelings into something shameful and offensive. Why the poor young man continues his persistent courtship is a major mystery, but he does, and they marry. For some ten years thereafter Jane continues the conflict both with herself and with her husband.

Jane's trouble evidently is that she feels that when one loves one loses one's own identity; that love is a surrender of the ego; that the heart which opens itself to love opens itself to being hurt, to having its pride trampled on, its privacy invaded. Miss Iverson tries hard to make Jane's neuroticism, and her inability to believe that her husband loves her, the logical result of an early insecurity and frustration, the effect of what she vaguely puts together about her father's first unhappy marriage (though Jane herself is the daughter of his second wife and her home has been a normally happy one). Her pathological fear of being hurt stems from the humiliation she suffered when as a school girl she had a crush on her English teacher. The recipient of this avowal of adolescent passion explained to her gently that he was a middle-aged man and she was a little girl and besides he was going to marry someone else. But Jane's vanity, apparently, never recovered from the blow. So mild, and after all, so fairly common an experience of youth seems hardly a sufficient basis for Miss Iverson's development of Jane's personality. Her final acceptance both of the reality of her love for her husband and of his love for her concludes this tortuous novel. Miss Iverson has talent and sincerity, but I found her confused and anguished heroine more irritating than interesting.

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STFJRGOWX VRCSA R

HSWHDS SRAQ GW DSRT,

MFG TOPPOJFDG GW TZOIS;

SRAQ GW UWISZX, MFG

OVHWAAOMDS GW SXADRIS.

—DWZT MZWFUNRV

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 179

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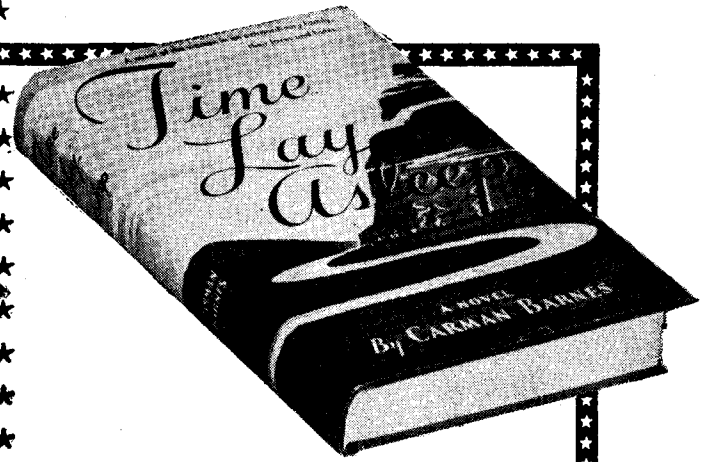

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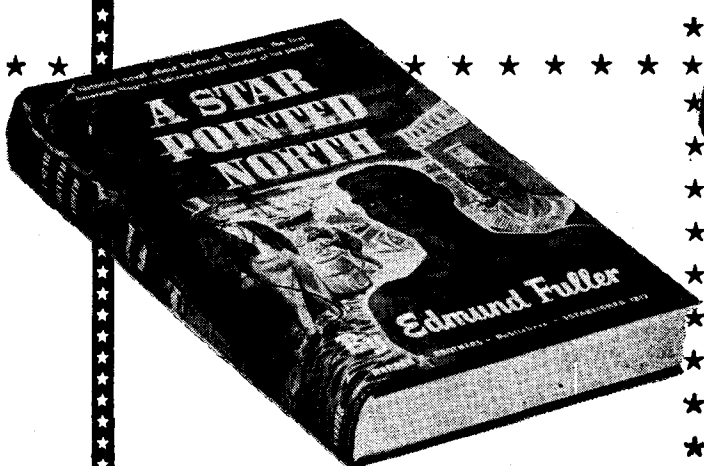

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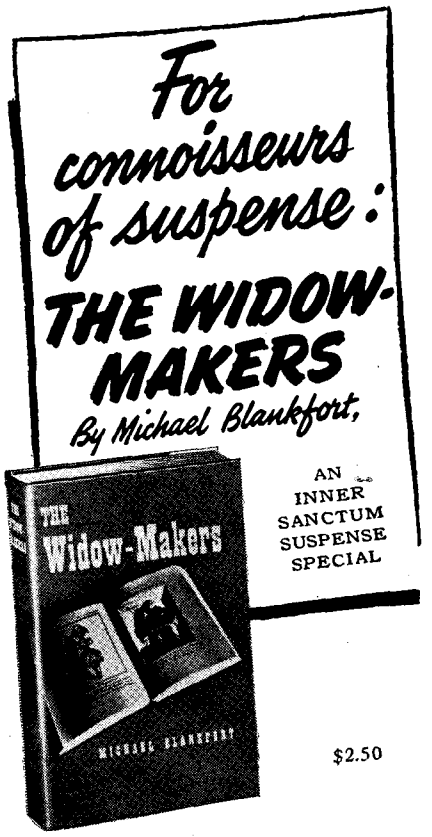


Pan Taught Him How to Sing

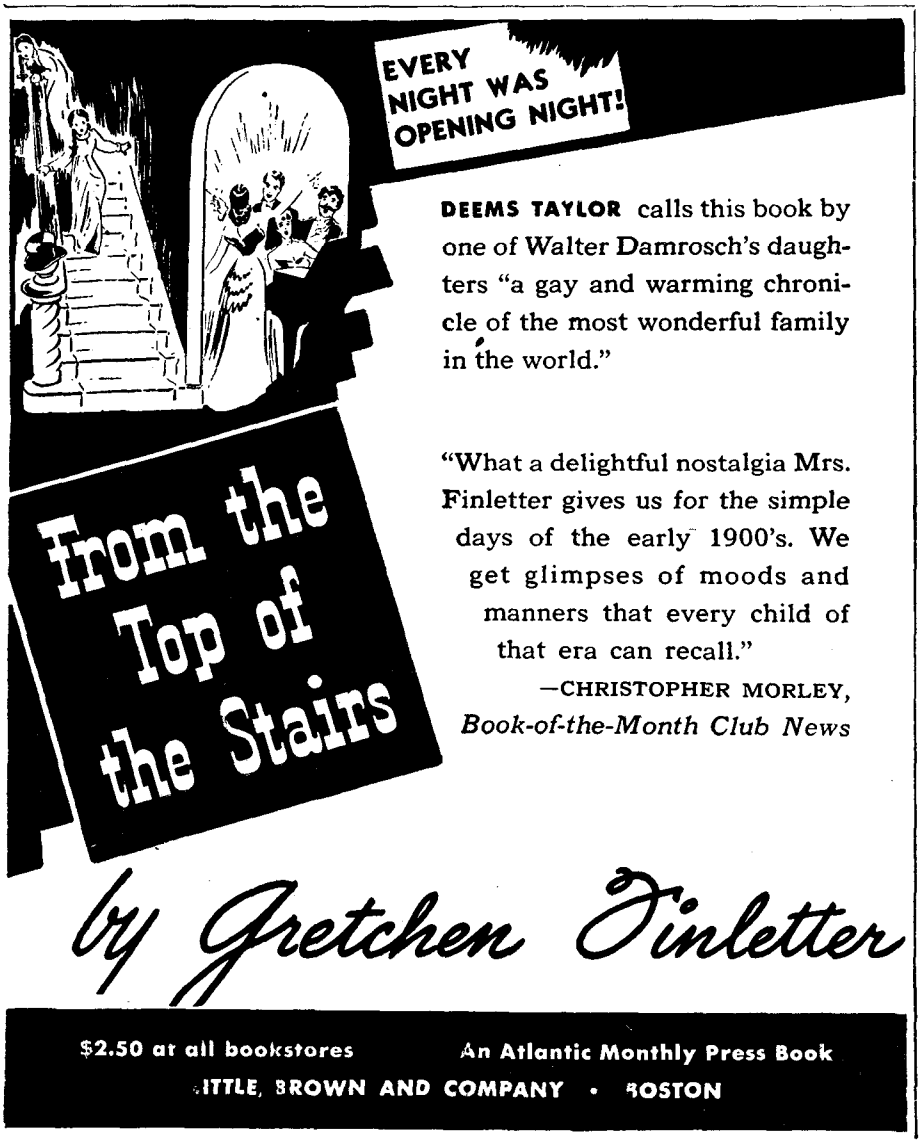
DUBLIN POEMS. By Seumas O'Sullivan. New York: Creative Age Press, Inc. 1946. 176 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by FRANK J. HYNES

IN DUBLIN at the dawn of the century, a squadron of fledgling poets were trying their wings in the more esoteric Irish periodicals. They were being trained for high altitude flying by no less an ace than AE himself. In 1904 they swooped down on an astonished world of letters in "New Songs," a book of poems of the younger generation edited by Mr. Russell. Noteworthy among this group of ethereal pilots were Padraic Colum and Seumas O'Sullivan. The first one in this intrepid outfit to fly solo and attempt the Parnassian stratosphere was O'Sullivan in his "The Twilight People," published in 1905. This small crate was to be subsequently adjudged his most distinguished work, and it is the highlight of "Dublin Poems."

Strangely enough, Padraic Colum's first volume of poems "Wild Earth," published in 1909, also proved to be his most important contribution to the world's treasury of poetry. It is truly fitting that Mr. Colum should be chosen to introduce the collected works of his old friend and colleague to the American public. He has done this with such complete understanding and intimate knowledge that he leaves very little for anyone else to say that is worth saying about O'Sullivan's poetry. Comparison of O'Sullivan with Yeats and AE is inevitable, since they so obviously influenced him. His symbolism is less clouded than that of Yeats, his mysticism less complex than that of AE. He has a subtler gift of rhythm than either of them, and a greater technical skill. It is high time that America became better acquainted with his proud, courtly elegance, his somber, stately grace, his "music so forest wild and piercing sweet," his vision, cosmic as tomorrow's radar, and his pantheistic rapture that courses like a greyhound through some of his best work.

This king of dreams is also an emperor of moods. Nostalgia evokes for him in "Streets and Vistas" the eighteenth-century age of gold, "the olden fierce ecstasy," "the old high thoughts that flashed like swords" restoring to the streets, squares, and houses of Dublin all the life and charm of their Georgian elegance. Street characters, including a fiddler, a piper, and a ragmay take on a tragic grandeur as the relics of the old decency now degraded. His use of birds as symbols of beauty and freedom is a masterstroke of craftsmanship. Fond memory brings a sombre mood as he sonorously chants requiems for Ireland's dead heroes. Tender passion proves him a true son of Angus, the god of youth and love in Celtic mythology. In sensuous mood he quaffs beauty at the ancient fount of mother earth; and his emotional harmony with nature wins the reader to a sweet acceptance of her inexorable laws. The gloaming is the time of day when O'Sullivan's genius gleams, and in "The Twilight People" the sheer magical evocation of the realm of fairyland is haunting. The pure music of his language is enchanting and his mystical understanding of the secret life of the poplars, hazel bushes, sedges, and meadows is eerie. If he has a fault it is one he shares with AE—a monotony of form, vocabulary, and imagery—but Pan taught him how to sing and he has wisdom Pan could never have taught.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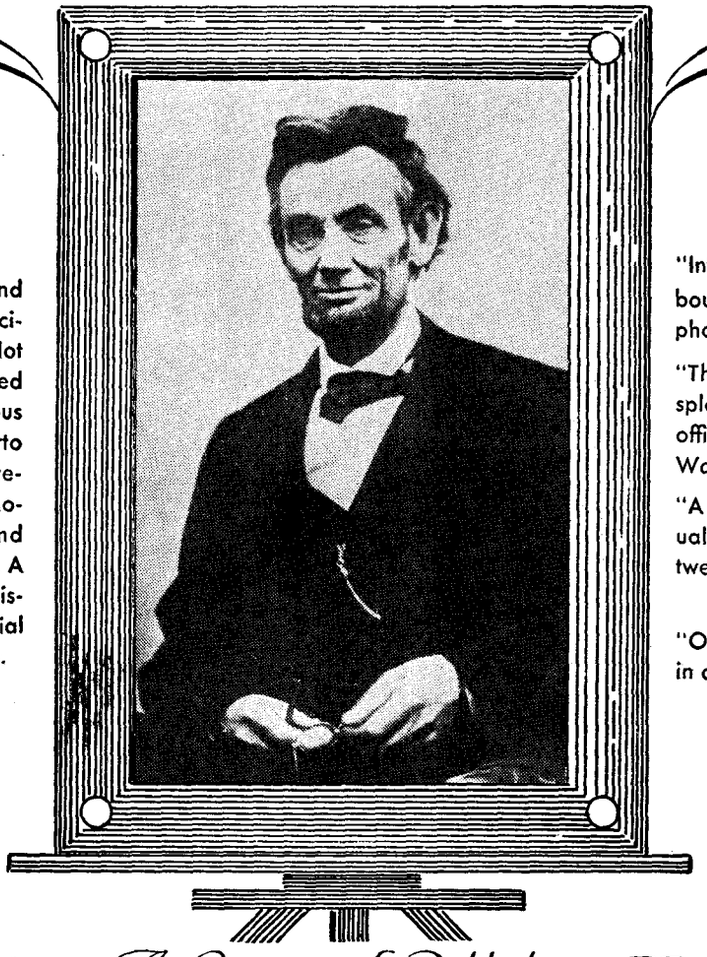

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Chiaroscuro Grotesque

TITUS GROAN. By Mervyn Peake. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1946. 430 pp. $3.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

MR. PEAKE'S is a notable and monstrous tale: notable for its successful projection of an atmosphere and monstrous for the way in which everything but atmosphere is maimed, distorted, frozen in grotesque mockery of reality. "Titus Groan" is subtitled as "a gothic novel," but the gothic novels I remember had, beside horror, a certain narrative line, a certain modicum of movement. Mr. Peake has foregone both of these; they are unnecessary to his purposes. In one of William Saroyan's plays, a character remarks, "I am going to write a novel composed of the word 'is'." Mr. Peake must have thought, similarly, I am going to write a novel composed of the one element, atmosphere.

The book is filled with it, crowded beyond capacity, dripping at the pages with it. It is something dark, dank, musty, and moist, antique to the point of decay, whispered along gritty corridors, echoing to the clank of chains and rusted hinges, hidden behind narrow tower windows, slobbering from the lips of mutes, screamed by scullions in a medieval kitchen, and breathed through the door of a hidden room high in a castle. It is the darkness and fear of a nameless ancient time, personified not by the people who move like enchanted puppets inside the castle of Gormenghast, but by their names, Prunesquallor, Flay, Slagg, Sepulchrave, Swelter, Groan—by their shadows dancing against the walls, by the mad, enchanted language which issues from their lips in ventriloquial magic. It is a trick of enlargement. Every page is a mirror that further magnifies the first and only image of sub-human horror.

Time is no element at all. You look up to find that you have been reading for seventy-five pages, of the announcement of the birth of Titus Groan. Something like that happened in "Tristram Shandy," but while we were waiting for Tristram to appear we were diverted with an infinite variety of conceits and by-passes. Here there is infinite monotony. Every shade is another shade of gray. The grotesquely shaped and named figures that flit through the darkness are indistinguishable. The only reality is the thick, heavy, palpable atmosphere that sustains them, flies in molasses. Let us grant Mr. Peake the unquestionable virtuosity of his achievement, the inexhaustible piling of detail upon detail inside the frozen second of time, the poetic spurts of a language apparently antiqued. Being done, it is an amazing thing to behold, even if amazement is the only tribute we may offer.

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An Exalted Tale

JOY. By Georges Bernanos. New York: Pantheon Books, Inc. 1946. 297 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by F. C. WEISKOPF

GEORGES BERNANOS, like his French fellow writer Jacques Maritain, or the Spaniard José Bergamin, or the Czech Josef Cep, is an outstanding representative of that important trend in European Catholicism which opposes the unholy alliance of Catholic intellectual and political leaders with such fascist trends, organizations, and regimes as the Franco dictatorship in Spain, the Cagoule in France, the Austrian Heimwehr, and others. His magnificent book "The Big Cemeteries Under the Moon" stirred thousands of European readers at the time of the Spanish Civil War. His "Plea for Liberty" is remembered by all who sought and found in it a consolation in the dark time after the fall of France. His pamphlets issued by the Résistance during the Nazi occupation form an essential part of the glorious literature of underground Europe during the Second World War.

"Joy" is one of the older works of Bernanos and quite of another kind from those mentioned above. It belongs to a series of novels in which the author tried to deal with the tragic position of a "blessed person" amidst a modern world which crushes and isolates the "saint" and yet kindles his desire to redeem it.

If you wish an exalted tale, brilliant dialogue, and fervent description of mystical ecstasies, then "Joy" is the right kind of book for you. If you don't, even a magnificent literary craftsmanship and an extraordinary power of language will not compensate you for the lack of contact with the author's emotions and thoughts.

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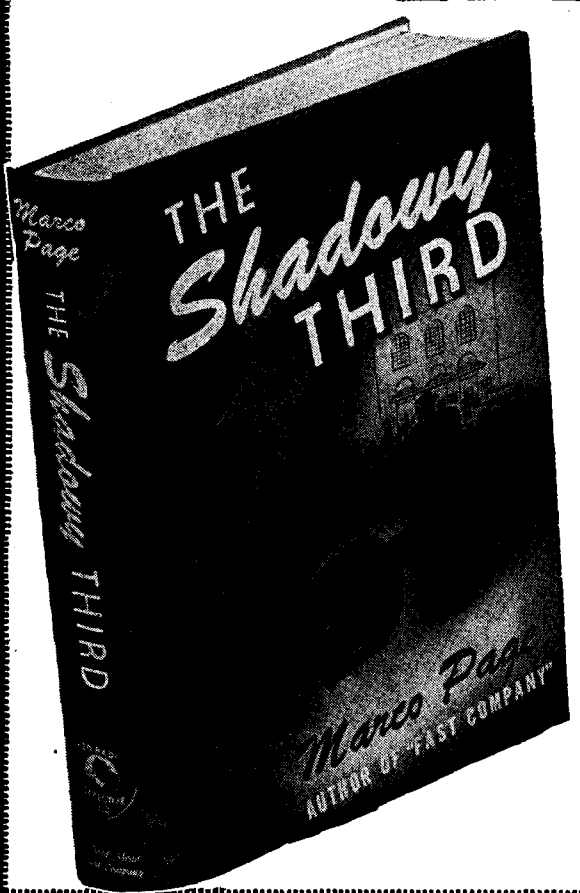

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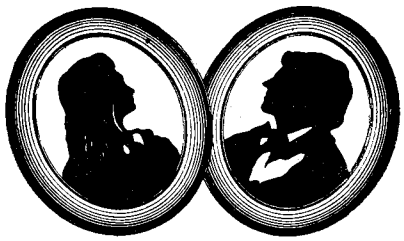

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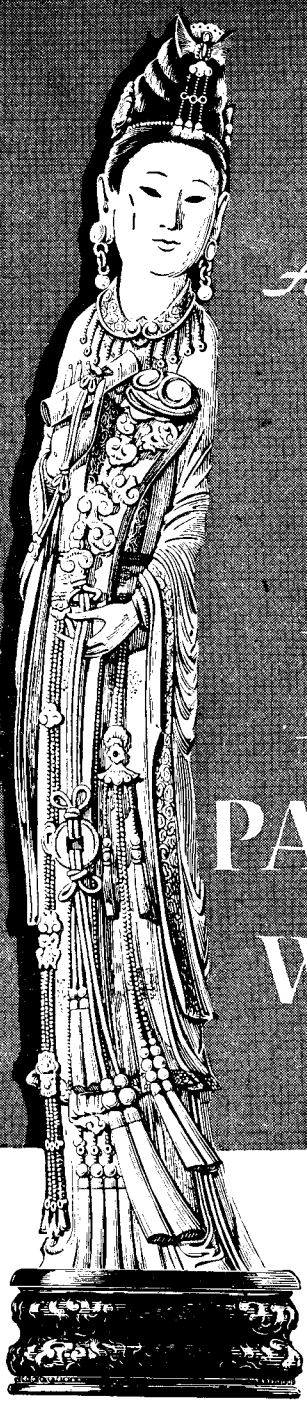

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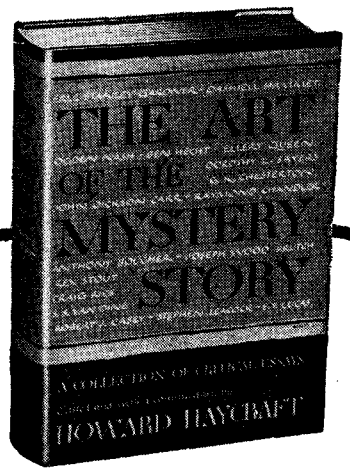

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Listening

SLINGS AND ARROWS

PERHAPS the trouble with radio is the air through which it passes. Too much nitrogen, or oxygen, or something. Or too windy, or too cold.

The reason I make that remark, and make it seriously, is that the ether is the only thing about radio that has not been pulled apart lately, prodded, poked, measured, examined, and catechised by the critics of the industry.

The volume and vigor of criticism of broadcasting in America has been growing practically daily until radio now stands in the position of being guilty until proved innocent.

Most of the turmoil concerns what is called "commercialism" in the programs, which is a semantic catch-all if there ever was one. From a constructive point of view the diagnosis that radio is guilty of advertising excesses is of no more use than a clinical report that a suffering patient seemed to be indisposed because of sickness.

In rare cases the accusing fingers single out specific examples, such as a station which broadcast, during a hundred-and-thirty-three-hour week, 2,215 commercial announcements, or an average of 16.7 spots per hour. Now, at that rate, even the most resigned listener, the most uncritical listener, would tend to rebel. However, such isolated examples contribute nothing to the case for radio's general inadequacies, any more than one speech by Bilbo marks the whole Republic as a wasteland in modern society.

What the critics fail to recognize, or admit, is that radio is suffering no more than the entire world of press, publications, motion pictures, and billboards from mere inept advertising.

Musical jingles should definitely not be listened to, but it is contrary to most of our happy traditions to suggest that they be excluded by regulation, codification, or resolution. The way to eliminate such tripish trivia from your radio is to turn off the machine. Or, if you would get at the ill in its source, go back of the broadcasters to the advertising agencies, and still back of them to the advertisers themselves, with a statement to the effect that: "We have a need, to a certain degree, for products such as you advertise. But the mere rhyming of its qualities and characteristics does not make our need for them any more acute. It merely makes us wonder what exhibitionism you will think up next."

Obviously, such a tactic is not going to make an advertising agency mend

"The big news headline this evening concern the atomic bomb, the UN session, and a delicious new recipe for strawberry aspic!"

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its ways. However, if the critical public, as a body, and organically in the form of its ever-active Committees, Commissions, and Groups, were to narrow their complaints at the actual perpetrators, rather than the innocent and befuddled couriers, it is possible that an awareness of the public's essential tolerance, will to take part in the economic scheme, and general long-suffering might emerge where it is pertinent and appropriate —in the council rooms of advertising and selling where the aim is to "get thar mostest with the loudest." And not only through the radio, but by every device, including clowns on stilts who block your passage on sidewalks, cute letters that gorge up your mail-box, throw-aways that clutter up your street, and canvassers who invade your privacy.

The problems of self-discipline, regulation, and introspective admonition have preoccupied administrators and executives since the dawn of organized religion. Radio has three such Confessionals—the National Association of Broadcasters, the Federal Communications Commission, and the Organized Public. That all three of them have failed to knit order out of chaos is possibly due to the fact that no single broadcaster, or group of broadcasters, has ever looked into the dark closet of threats and correctly analyzed the nature of the punishment, and the right of the punisher to wield it.

Concerning the Organized Public, there is no more powerful group in America. They can accomplish anything, so long as they correctly identify their target. They can publish pamphlets, issue statements, stage rallies, to their heart's content, but so long as they cudgel the poor broadcaster instead of the advertiser, they will accomplish nothing. However, a simple resolution in an annual convention of women against the product of an individual sponsor as punishment for his crass merchandising methods would bring an overnight catharsis. This bull against one advertiser would cause every other advertiser who has misused radio to have his advertising agent on the carpet the following morning, applying the proper remedy. The fear of bad publicity is a stronger deterrent to unpleasant actions than the most powerful Directives, Injunctions, and Decisions.

In the industry itself, the NAB has failed to take a real test of its own strength. Practically every other major professional organization has mechanisms by which it can discipline members whose activities tend to lower the prestige or integrity of the membership as a whole. But the NAB merely wrings its hands over the dangerous antics of some of its members.

Legislation being the intriguing hobby that it is, it is not inconceivable that certain cities and states may one day soon pass ordinances or laws limiting the amount and flavor of advertising copy which can be broadcast in their confines. It is but a short step, in Memphis, to such a pass.

Beyond that, and in the realm of speculation, is the relationship of Broadcasters to the People of the United States, and their Spokesmen, the Federal Communications Commission.

It is a problem for a political scientist rather than a radio critic to determine the exact limits of authority of such a Commission, both explicit and implied. The one responsibility upon which all do agree is that the Commission's powers definitely in-

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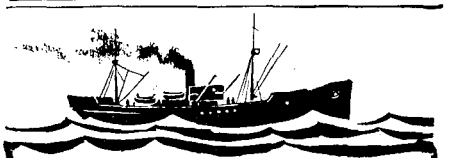

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clude matters of technological concern —such as preventing stations from jamming each other inadvertently, and from slopping over into each other's listening arena. The measurement and the stewardship of the nation's communication facilities in the category of tangibles, that was obviously the intent of Congress when it set up the Federal Communications Commission in 1934.

But the major portion of the Communications Act fenced with the problem of actual control of program content. The Act directs the FCC to issue temporary, three-year licenses to applicants who display the proper financial, business, and social backgrounds, such license enfranchising them to the exclusive use of a channel, or frequency. At the end of the three-year period, the licensee must reappear to have his past performance evaluated, on the basis of which evaluation the license is renewed, or, theoretically, withdrawn.

Actually, once issued, licenses are practically never revoked. By precedent, then, the FCC, itself, has indicated that its proprietorship over broadcasting is that of an uneasy well-wisher rather than a tribunal aware of the crime and capable of the punishment.

This unfortunate circumstance results from a vague concept that the air over America is public property, and that no individual or corporation shall ever be able to buy a portion of it, or in any way own it, and that so long as he uses it he is responsible, in some obscure way, to a set of implied rules for his conduct.

It is highly interesting speculation, and most germane to the matter of criticism of the industry, to question the validity of this concept. The streets of cities cannot be owned by individuals, and yet franchises to operate bus lines and street-car lines do not carry with them admonitions that the conductors give every passenger the right of expressing a political viewpoint. The public lands of the nation have been given to railroads, which are owned, in turn, by individual investors, and yet land grants did not carry qualifications to the effect that the land will have to be returned to the people of the United States if the trains carry too many pigs, or do not play symphony music for passengers.

Although the FCC condemns what it calls "traffic in licenses," it approves the sale of radio station corporations, holding licenses, for much more money than was originally invested. Perhaps the individual frequencies, actually, are private property, and can be proved to be such in some test action seeking to define the commission's actual power to deprive an investor of his investment on the grounds of "poor" program content. What then?

Merely that the commission is a commission, and advertisers are advertisers, and the one cannot be the soul or ego of the other. Radio programs will offend people who don't like certain kinds of programs, just as modern music offends Bach enthusiasts, and the modern dance offends conservative balletomanes. But no more than a Bach enthusiast would seek to have the directors of Carnegie Hall removed from their posts for the increasing occurrence of Hindemith, can listeners hope to find more pleasant hours before their receiver by blaspheming the officials of the network.

There are two, and only two alternatives—(1) turn you set off, or (2) Apply your organized pressure where it will reach the root of the evil, the advertisers themselves.

ALBERT N. WILLIAMS.

Sephardic Legacy

FAREWELL TO SALONICA. By Leon Sciaky. New York: Current Books, Inc. 1946. 235 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by HETTY GOLDMAN

LEON SCIAKY has written a book of quite unusual charm and poetic veracity. Here are the memories of his childhood as a member of a Spanish-Jewish family. They are told without sentimentality and without undue emphasis on surface picturesqueness, but with a deep love and perceptive understanding of the small, warm, circumscribed family life, intelligent but not educated, full of solicitude for those immediately concerned and tinged with a kind of formal courtesy which might be the legacy of Spain or the contribution of the East.

There are delightful descriptions of the city of Salonica, of summer excursions and life among the country people. The restless activity of the grandfather, a grain merchant, forever traveling to inspect the crops and to look after his peasants, weaves like a thread through the narrative, which includes an extremely interesting and first-hand account of revolutionary activity in Macedonia.

This is by no means an important book, but it is true. The author has the gift of making everything come alive and seem interesting, whether the events concern the family or the larger world.

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CLICHES EXTENDED AND OTHERWISE

(*Continued from page 10*)

other poems in "A Few Figs from Thistles" "these inverted proverbs," but they are not the reversed clichés of earlier comment.

Thomas Carlyle on Coleridge's conversation: "Islets of the blest and intelligible." The meaning is sharpened, the figure is merely retained.

James Thurber: "While he was not dumber than an ox he was not any smarter." The slightness of effect is typical of the kind at its purest. Thurber places a limitation on the quality, but retains the image in its essentials.

The remaining three types lack the nicety of the first two. Yet each offers a kind of charm peculiar to its technique.

Blurring the image. Blurring is less easy than sharpening or retaining. Can a writer extend and blur an image at the same time? The examples suggest blurring as a theoretical rather than practical alternative.

Time: "Men whose records were unblemished by the slightest stain of statesmanship." By denying the first part in the second, the writer achieves his effect largely from an emotional response. This example, which is the more successful of the two, I have placed somewhat hesitantly in this category.

Frances Winwar: "The body of the martyr lay moldering in the grave but his spirit was marching on in the ranks of free men who could not rest till the cause for which he died was avenged" "Ranks" the nexus of the extension, has lost even the concreteness of "marching" on this bombastic level. Such lack of success, I think, is the inevitable result of this type at its purest.

Changing the image. The technique of changing both makes the image more concrete and deprives it of its original meaning, usually by punning. Sometimes manipulation results from conscious mixing, as in the first example, but more often it does not.

The Saturday Review of Literature: "The Niagara of words that has splashed over the breakers at Waikiki (to wring the utmost out of a dampish metaphor)."

Hugo Wren on a ship: "This baby can turn on a dime and get a nickel's change." Verve compensates for inconsistency in the extension.

H. G. Wells: "His studies were pursued but never effectually overtaken." The change is so slight as to be essentially connotational.

Phil Baker: "I like my new job. Having a wonderful time-and-a-half." As a pun, the type lends itself to the radio wisecrack.

Stuart Chase: "For the milk of human kindness the most obvious substitute is soft soap." Such doubling up of clichés produces a delightful extension.

Time on "For Whom the Bell Tolls": "Paramount's answer to one wag's question, whether the Hays office would let sleeping bags lie, is: Yes, but don't go near the water." The wag's question is garbled, the extension mixed. This movie yielded a whole crop of echo phrases. *Time*, for example, captioned its picture of Ingrid Bergman: "Whatever Hollywood's bell tolled for, she rang it."

Comment upon the image. In spite of the wit of the authors who have used this type, I have yet to find a crackling example. The fun is of a quiet sort. While comment shows awareness of the cliché, it qualifies as extension only in the broadest sense.

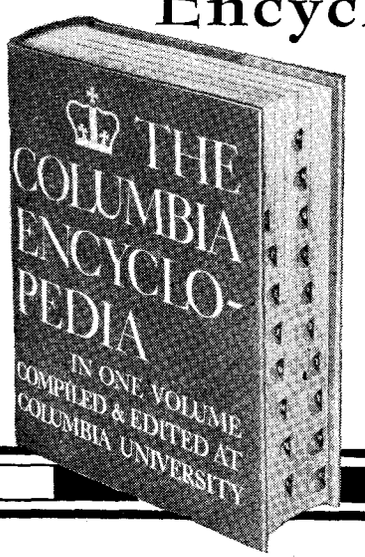
Lord Byron: "A better cavalier ne'er mounted horse. Or, being mounted, e'er got down again." This might qualify as retention; compare Thurber above.

W. M. Thackeray on Goldsmith: "The young prodigal came home ruefully, and the good folks there killed their fatted calf—it was but a lean one—and welcomed him back."

A. E. Housman on his abstemious

(*Continued on page 47*)

The Columbia Encyclopedia



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This is not a first-rate performance. There are inaccuracies—but they are easy to excuse; remember, similar mistakes are conveniently blurred over in the usual mammoth Bach chorus! But more, some of the choral Bach here is of the prevalent "bouncy" type, giving an impression of insensitiveness which belies the intentions of these earnest performers. What I mean is hard to pin down; it is partly a matter of proper accentuation of the words and syllables, even more a question of good phrasing—the shaping of each musical phrase as an entity, like a well spoken sentence, with its clear focal points of tension and relaxation. The importance of this is obvious in earlier music, in Palestrina, Josquin, but is not enough recognized in Bach.

The practical difficulties in producing this "authentic" Bach are great. The seven or eight instruments used here are approximately what Bach calls for—the best approximation available, including the harpsichord. (Note how rich and orchestral their sound is on records.) Yet notably lacking are the two recorders, replaced by transverse flutes. The voices in Bach's day were, of course, all male, and rigorously trained as ours cannot be. The voices here are mixed, with attendant difficulties of tone and register. The dilemma of the soloist here is attacked in a way that is increasingly common; instead of using the standard operatic solo voice of today, so utterly unsuited to Bach's music, the solo parts are given to a group of chorus voices, whose purer tone and (sometimes) greater accuracy bring through the pitch and rhythm of Bach's melodic line as not many solo voices can do. Unfortunately there are too few and not well enough blended voices in this case to achieve a good result at least under the exacting conditions of recording, though the method is commendable.

Yet in spite of difficulties this is a good beginning, and what with the impeccable playing of the instrumentalists (Boston Symphony men), the unaccustomed beauty and clarity of the recording itself, the excellent notes by Mr. Woodworth, and the included miniature score (a fine idea) this is an album that Bach lovers should surely own.

EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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CLICHÉS

(*Continued from page 45*)

predecessor at Cambridge: "Who drank like a fish—if drinking nothing but water could be so described."

Mark Van Doren: "Robert Frost is to all outward appearances—and what other appearances are there—a New England Farmer."

Presentation of these examples does not constitute a belligerent defense. Yet even though, as Perrin says, "A parade of echo phrases is a nuisance" —and I confess to having put a good many on review in these pages—they deserve comment if only to increase our discernment. Posted here or there, they at least add interest to otherwise flaccid style. And for good or ill, they have become a reflection of modern interest in hackneyed turns of thought.

Those who might look with foreboding upon the echo phrase may take comfort from its rarity in belletristic literature. I have not found many occasions of its use in poetry, although offhand I should have expected to meet it among both the metaphysicals and moderns. Even in the pages of *The New Yorker,* while some writers of that school extend the entire situation of their sketches from clichés in mental habits, it appears infrequently. Where it flourishes is in popularized exposition, especially that of professors turned writers for the week end. In sub-literary usage radio and stage comedians are its devotees, a loyalty creating a curious alliance between them and their less flashy contemporaries in the colleges. Let us wish both groups Godspeed, yet not without cautioning careful driving.

George Arms is Professor of English at the University of New Mexico.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Teacher, Dombey & Son. 3. Dustman, Our Mutual Friend. 3. Banker, Hard Times. 4. Detective, Bleak House. 5. Lawyer, Tale of Two Cities. 6. Apprentice, Oliver Twist. 7. Clerk, Christmas Carol. 8. Clergyman, Edwin Drood. 9. Actress, Nicholas Nickleby. 10. Resurrectionist, Tale of Two Cities. 11. Pickpocket, Oliver Twist. 12. Prisoner, Little Dorrit. 13. Nurse, Martin Chuzzlewit. 14. Blacksmith, Great Expectations. 15. Lamplighter, Lamplighter's Story. 16. Physician, Tale of Two Cities. 17. Servant, Old Curiosity Shop. 18. Fisherman, David Copperfield. 19. Toymaker, Cricket on the Hearth. 20. Poet, Pickwick Papers. 21. Barber, Martin Chuzzlewit. 22. Burglar, Oliver Twist. 23. Locksmith, Barnaby Rudge. 24. Porter, The Chimes. 25. Coachman, Pickwick Papers.

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the Phoenix Nest

RECENTLY the gremlins have got loose in The Phoenix Nest and pi'd things nicely, scrambling a lot of the eggs. It has really not been the fault of the conductor of the Nest. But I wish to apologize to Captain Roger Whalen Busha whose poem "To Ernest Dowson's Adelaide" got printed ahead of his letter concerning said poem, which looked very odd. This was in the issue of November 16. And right below it was printed a letter from Dove Dulcet referring to a poem by Bill Hall, which never appeared at all, the next thing printed being a foolish rhyme by myself. In all justice to Dove and Bill I now reprint Dove's letter and the poem that should have accompanied it. Henceforth I'll battle those gremlins to a finish!

Here is the letter:

> The good Bill Hall, the world's widest-ranging book-traveler, is just back from a three-and-a-half month trip to Australia and New Zealand. He is, as you know, partner in Henry M. Snyder and Co., who sell the books of U. S. publishers everywhere except in the U.S. He remarks that he went out in three days (by plane) and came back in thirty (by ship). Aboard the beautiful steamer *Rangitiki*, from Sydney to Halifax (N. S.), he had time to compose the enclosure, which I thought delightfully Nestable both for its echo of a noble thing, and for our international amities with the Diggers. Yrs for the Nestable Children, Dove.

And here is the poem:

AUSTRALIAN NAMES

I HAVE fallen in love with Wooloomoolloo
And other Australian names,
With the ominous moan of Condooroo,
And the stately sound of St. James.

Murdering Point and Lover's Rock,
Where schooners went aground,
Darling River and Old Five Dock
Mooroobie and Thirsty Sound.

Quart Pot Creek and Pudding Pan Hill—
Bligh named it, so they say—
Wrest Point, and would I were there still!
Ben Bullen and Botany Bay.

This is the music that one hears—
Pannoomilloo and Tamborine,
When may I visit Ass's Ears
And the Aussie Aberdeen?

Others there are like the sound of a gong
Some with the fife's thin squeak,
Bunnerong, Goondah, Dingo, Bong Bong,
And Jackey Jackey Creek.

Out of my memory's catacombs
Here's Henty to wonder at,
And — blessed shade of Sherlock Holmes—
Watson and Ballarat.

Tallygaroopna is close to the earth,
Chelsea's from home o'er the sea,
Where is a nicer name than Perth
Or a pleasanter place to be?

Pandora's Passage and Flinder's Reef,
Sailors beware this pair,
A place in which to find relief
Is Mrs. Macquarie's Chair.

These are the names you don't forget;
You use them when you mail yer
Letters of thanks to friends you met
In euphonious Australia.

W. S. HALL.

Author's Note: *This poem was suggested by "American Names," by Stephen Vincent Benét.*

* * *

Paul H. Oehser, from the Cosmos Club in Washington, D. C., imparts this correction:

> The eagle eye of Miss Helen Palmer, editor of the Bureau of American Ethnology (whose sister, Rose A. Palmer, co-authored "Caponsacchi," which, by way of birthdays, was first produced by Walter Hampden twenty years ago this last October 26), has caught up what is evidently a misquotation in The Phoenix Nest of September 14, which seems to me worth correcting since it concerns no less a matter than the inscription on the tombstone of Mrs. Humphry Ward. I do not know how Arthur Hugh Clough's verses actually read on the late Mrs. Ward's tomb, but, if they are quoted correctly thereon, are as follows—not as transmitted to you by Mr. Earle Walbridge:
>
> Others, I doubt not, if not we,
> The issue of our toils shall see;
> Young children gather as their own
> The harvest that the dead had sown,
> The dead forgotten and unknown.
>
> These are the last five lines of Clough's poem entitled "Come, Poet, Come!"

* * *

Writes Mae Trevillion Smith, instructor in English at Southern Illinois Normal University, Carbondale, Illinois:

> I was much interested in Mr. Walbridge's quotation from Swinnerton concerning the authorship of "The Young Visiters" and was reminded of William Lyon Phelps's comment on that subject. During the course of the conversation which Phelps had with James M. Barrie back in 1928, he alluded to Daisy Ashford's book and dared to mention that many people over here thought that Barrie had written it; whereupon Barrie told Phelps that there was not the slightest foundation for such a statement. He said, further, that he had not seen Daisy Ashford until after he had written the preface, but had talked with her after the publication of the book.
>
> In talking with Dr. Phelps about "The Young Visiters" shortly after it appeared, I remember his making a very interesting observation as one proof that a child and not an adult had written the book. He said that there was one expression that could not have been written by a grown man or woman. The expression, "Mr. Salteena got down from his chair," was exactly what a child would have said; whereas an adult would have said *he got up* or *rose.*

* * *

Votes for America's favorite poet are now: Stanton Monroe Gallant and Bruce Fawcett for Edna St. Vincent Millay; Welborn Hope for "the best (and naturally most neglected) of the older living American poets, Haniel Long; and for the best of the young poets (also given little praise), John Ciardi." Lee Richard Hayman of Cleveland, Ohio, comments on the general situation as follows:

> The dearth of response to a proposed survey of the nation's favorite living American poet is typical of the self-absorption of present day "poeticaphiles." But Robinson Jeffers's receiving further support from Phoenix Nest readers is, at least, heartening. Perhaps if the two wings of modern verse ("Sanity in Poetry" *versus* the "Advanced Guard") would try to meet on Jeffers's common ground of virility plus clarity, a wider recognition and popular acclaim would nourish the work of today's aspiring poets.

I am glad to inform you that E. J. Pratt, of Victoria University, Toronto, Canada, Canada's leading poet, this year, in the King's Honors granted to Canadian citizens and announced on Dominion Day, July 1, became a C. M. G. (Companion of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George). He was one of a small group of about half a dozen who have received this, the highest honor in the long list of decorations announced at that time.

. . . More startling information next week! Meanwhile, all good Thanksgiving wishes!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 662

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

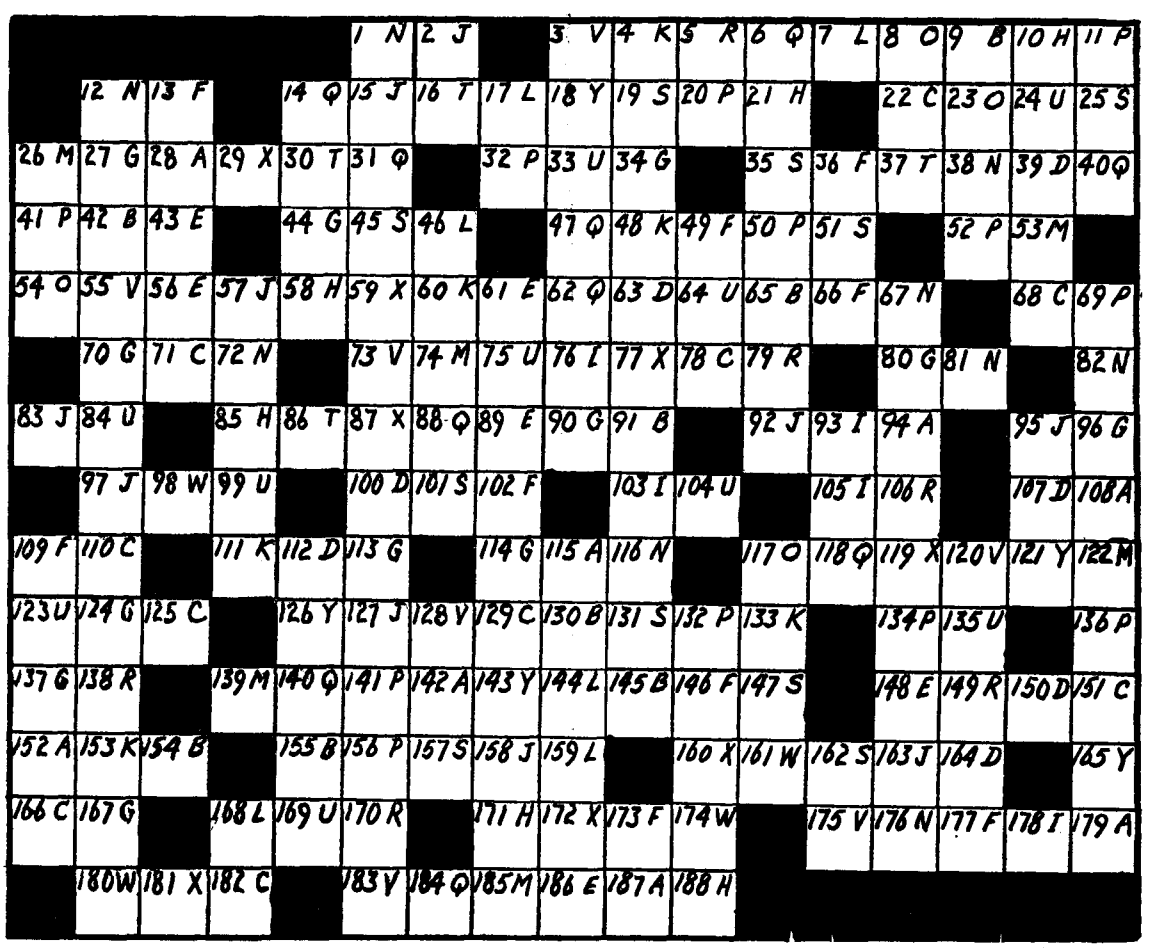
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Valuable sparoid food fish of the Mediterranean *(Sparus auratus)*.	179 115 28 187 108 152 142 94
B. Fantasies; caprices.	155 9 65 130 154 145 42 91
C. Right of a widower in the separate movable estate of his deceased wife (Scots Law; 2 wds. Latin).	22 129 110 78 182 125 71 151 68 166
D. Having effective organs of smell (Zool.).	112 164 100 39 107 63 150
E. Made the sound of a snake or goose when angered.	186 61 148 56 89 43
F. Addition of final "n" in the declension of nouns, as in Arabic (Gram.).	13 36 173 49 146 66 109 177 102
G. Jewish holiday of rejoicing over the Law (2 wds.).	34 137 167 114 124 80 44 113 96 90 27 70
H. Of bad disposition; hard to manage (Esp. U. S.).	58 85 21 10 171 188
I. A Sumerian name of Ishtar.	93 105 76 178 103
J. Partly one and partly the other (Chem.).	92 15 57 97 2 95 163 127 83 158
K. Centaur who indirectly caused the death of Hercules (Gr. Myth.)	111 48 153 133 4 60
L. German baron (Fund to assist Jewish immigrants in U. S.).	159 7 17 46 144 168

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. That part of the visible sea a good distance from shore.	74 139 53 122 26 185
N. The change into the pupa (Zool.).	1 67 176 38 82 81 72 12 116
O. Scraps; bits.	23 54 117 8
P. The Jewish New Year (2 wds.; mod. sp.).	11 134 41 132 32 20 50 156 69 141 52 136
Q. That may be allowed or conceded.	14 88 31 184 47 40 140 62 6 118
R. A yellowish flax; linen made from it, as used for Egyptian mummy clothes (Class. Antiq.).	5 79 106 170 149 138
S. Mere insincere utterance in place of action (2 wds.).	147 157 131 35 101 25 162 45 19 51
T. Occasionally, Irish Gaelic, or Irish.	16 37 30 86
U. Of or pertaining to a slight cough.	104 75 84 99 169 123 24 64 33 135
V. To call in question; to challenge.	128 183 3 55 175 73 120
W. The first man; an ancestor (Polynesian Myth.).	180 98 174 161
X. Having no jaws.	87 160 59 172 77 181 29 119
Y. Choral symphony by Beethoven.	121 18 143 126 165

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 11 of this issue.

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